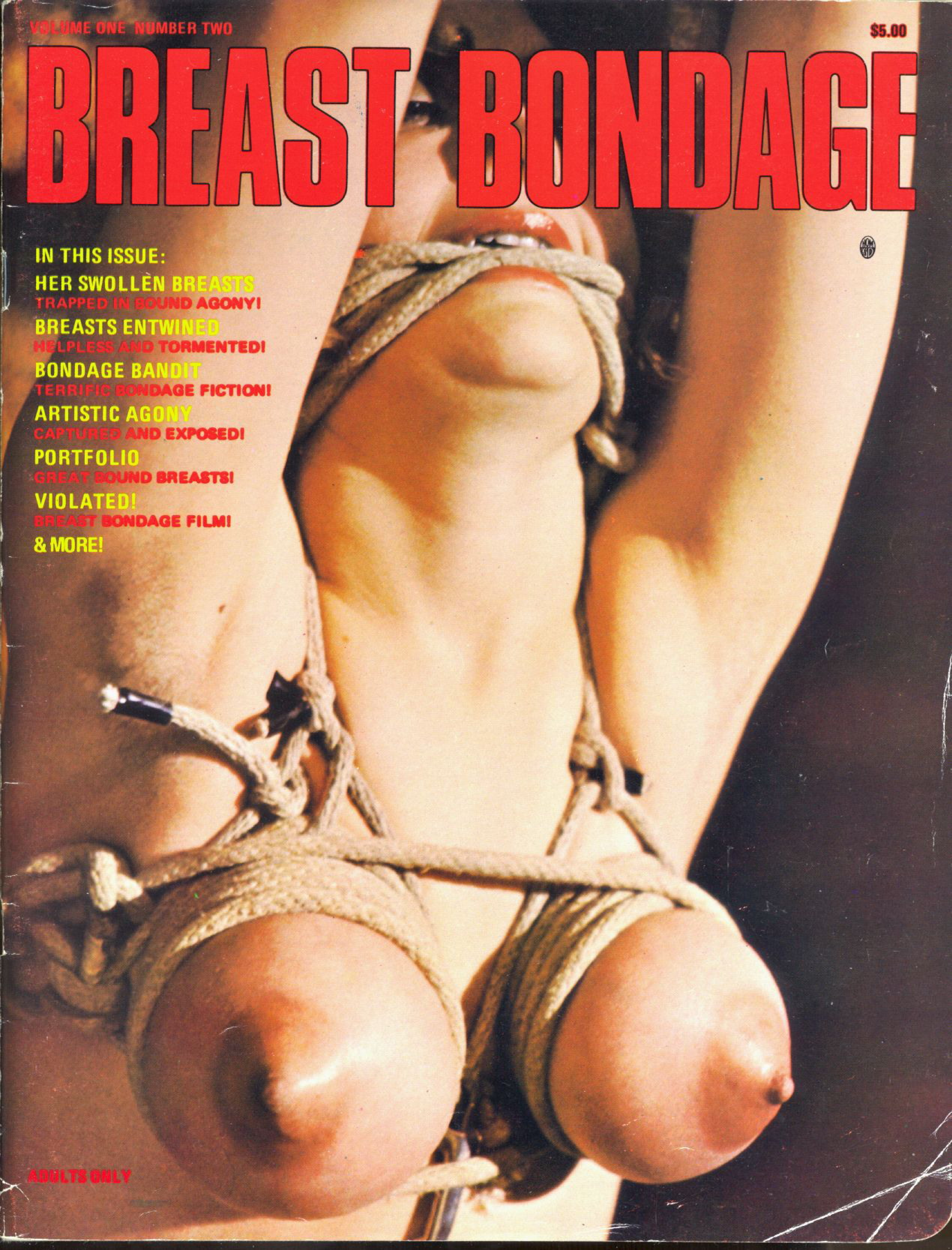
VOLUME ONE NUMBER TWO

$5.00

BREAST BONDAGE



IN THIS ISSUE:

HER SWOLLEN BREASTS
TRAPPED IN BOUND AGONY!

BREASTS ENTWINED
HELPLESS AND TORMENTED!

BONDAGE BANDIT
TERRIFIC BONDAGE FICTION!

ARTISTIC AGONY
CAPTURED AND EXPOSED!

PORTFOLIO
GREAT BOUND BREASTS!

VIOLATED!
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EDITORIAL

An afficionado eyes the Great Houdini with a fishy eye. Yet, to the uninitiate, his is the name that most probably would spring to mind at mention of the word 'bondage'. But Houdini's appeal was limited. His audience was intrigued by his tricks and skills, and there was always the thrill that he might not survive one of them. That's about all. His performance was as sexless and devoid of glamour as a turnip.

But, suppose he'd been a girl!

It is an entrancing thought. The purposes for which a man is tied are apt to be purely utilitarian -- a metter of urgent convenience. But a girl --! Ah-ha, that is something else again. A girl is tied to keep her from running away from home. A girl is tied to save an arguement the male can never win. A girl is tied because a bound maiden is superlatively beautiful. A girl is tied because she has become the spoil of battle --! There are many reasons. But through them all there runs a thread -- A girl is bound because someone loves.... a bound girl becomes heart's desire.

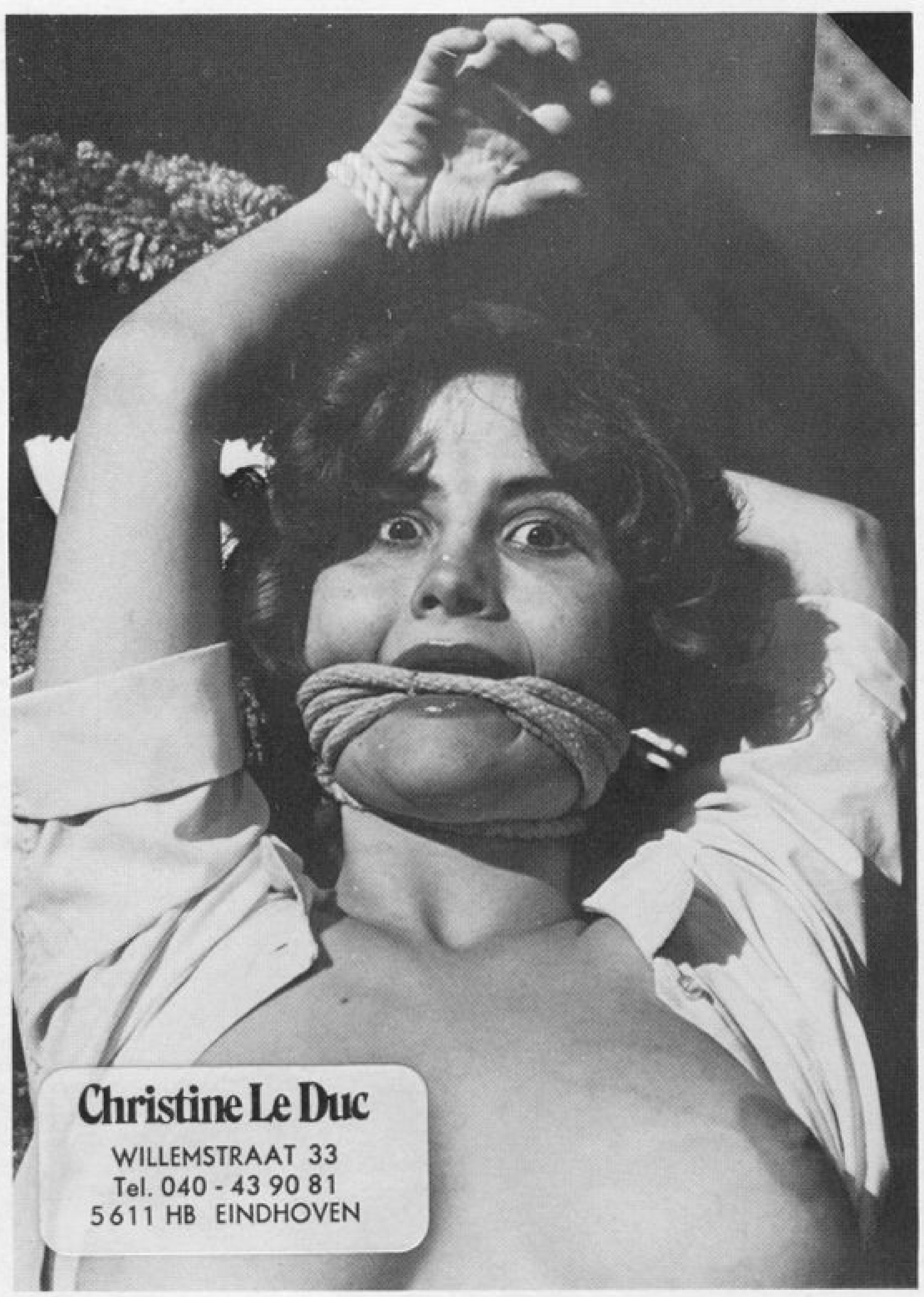
The difference is profound.

The skeptic may ask why a few twists of rope or a pair of handcuffs should enhance femininity. Let us ask him what he desires of a girl and why he marries her. If you analyze his answer you will come up with a wish and intent to 'Possess.' To make her entirely his own. To segregate. The bondage may not be visible, but it is there! If, as was so often the case in centuries past, the damsel had been stolen from her home, it was most probably essential to bind her tightly while she accustomed herself to new surroundings. Perhaps because of this the knowledge of an enforced helplessness became inherent in the female psyche. She may deny this, but an awareness of the possibility will flicker forever in her conciousness.

So why, in this love play we call 'bondage,' does the girl so willingly yield her person to the cord! The answer is the oldest in the world. She yields herself for love. It is an act of ultimate trust. It is a giving. Nor can we doubt her feminine craft is all too aware of her trebled desirability in her bondage. A girl with her hands tied behind her back exudes an infinite and eternal allure. She is femininity incarnate.

Desire is life. Desire is joy. Desire is that glimpse of the infinite by which we are inspired. A girl in bondage is desire fulfilled. She has reached a 'oneness' with another human being. In a sense, the visible strands and ligatures are no more than the symbols of a deeper need -- a proof of her desirability: that she be loved. In offering her limbs to the rope in sweet obedience, the maiden will enslave the one who ties the knots. Her struggles against the cords are no more than a testing of another's love. For her, there is reassurance in the severity of the strictures in her flesh.

How sweet is submission! It is the acceptance of another's will. A wish to be led into a land wherein the beloved knows the way, a land wherein a hundred blessings lie. A place of beauty you will behold through the eyes of the one who has made you captive.



CONTENTS



ARTISTIC AGONY











The look on her face when her tit popped out was cute. I got a lovely shot at just the right angle. It was the beginning.

Poor kid. Bit of a shock for her. But I'll explain as I go. Beauty justifies all. Sometimes they understand. Maybe this one will.

"Can you get loose, honey?"

"No." She looks at me, startled, puzzled. "Why are you doing this to me?" she asks pathetically.

"Art, sweetheart. Pure art. I take pictures."

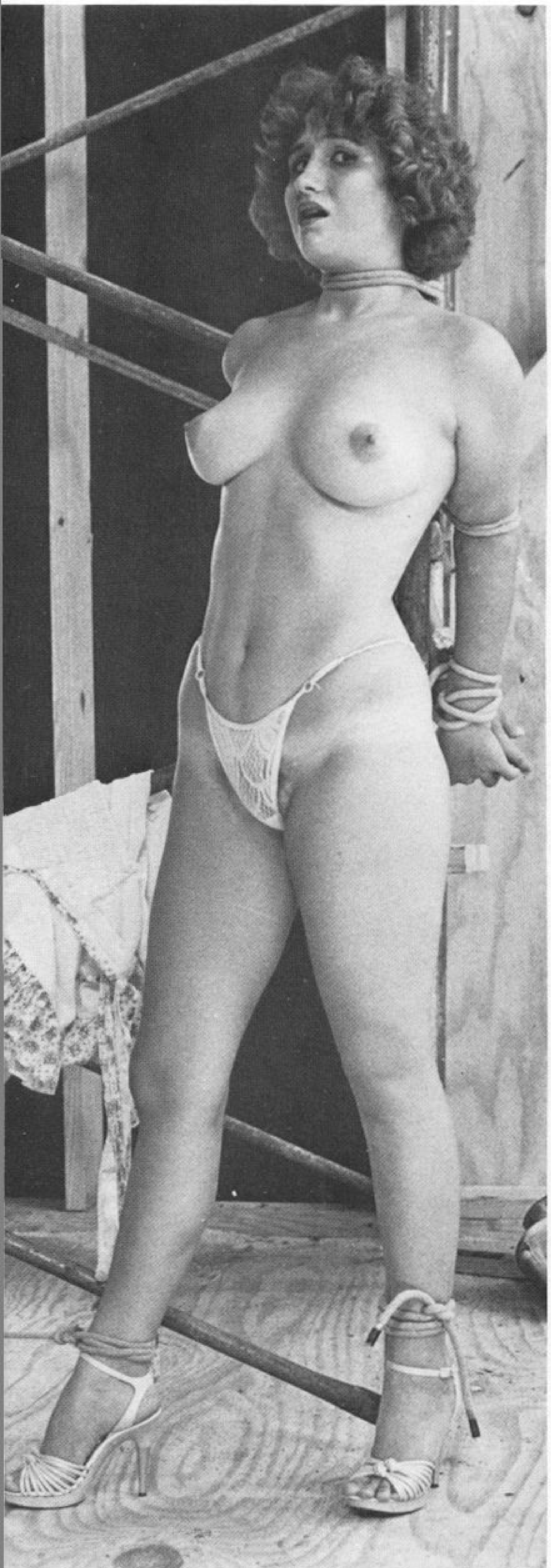
"If I promise not to scream while you do it to me, will you untie me? These ropes hurt."

They all make the same offer. So I work on through the repetoire. This girl is good. Bound, she takes on a new life. She projects. She's a natural. I strip her down to panties and spread her wide, ropes tight on wrists and ankles, her public hair hinting 'round the crotch. I fold her bits of clothes across the bar. The longing in her eyes as she looks at them gets me a pair of the best exposures ever.

"I'll try and please you, Mister. Don't hurt me."

"You're pleasing me now, sweetheart. Stay as you are."

"But I have to. I can't move." She misses the point.





I do my artistic rope pose. She's exquisite. Strictures above and below her breasts. Wrists and elbows in back. Tight! A real wide belt of rope 'round her middle, and her vulva laced three ways. "Struggle," I tell her. "You get loose from that, and you're free to go. I'll give you a 'C' note to boot."

She's a darling. She tries. She actually believes it may be possible. She gives it all she's got and I click like crazy. When she stops struggling, panting, I'm breathless too. This girl is pure gold.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mister, I'm afraid I can't."

She's apologetic, actually sorry she didn't get free. I get the feeling it's on my account. She's thinking she's let me down.

"You don't have to worry, sweetheart," I assure her kindly. "We'll move off to the next. The offer still holds."

She's sort of fretful and uncertain in between ties. She doesn't struggle as hard as she could. I think she feels guilty about this, and the struggling she does do is because she feels she ought to. She's vivid, gorgeous. She makes me feel like a heel when she's tied in the X. You know, she's just wrists and ankles. She's well stretched, but she's sure that this time she'll make it.









Her convolutions and the play of muscle under her skin tear at my heart. I reload and reload. She is well bushed. It peeps at the camera coyly past the crotch of her pants.

"You're awfully clever, Mister." I'll swear she's looking at me with admiration.

I haven't gagged this one. She's just too beautiful to gag. And the things she says are so damn sweet. Even when I hang her by her wrists and she ought to scream, she's still a pleased little girl. I wouldn't sell these cassettes for a million dollars.

When I tie her breasts I do it right. She looks down at them in surprise, and says, sort of breathlessly, "I never knew!" Then she looks up at me as though I'd made her a gift. "They're so big! And so way, way out!"

There are many ways you can hang a girl by her wrists. All of them are beautiful. A female is never so female as when she's suspended. It does something magic to her armpits. No artist should overlook the armpits of a girl. Armpits are special to me.

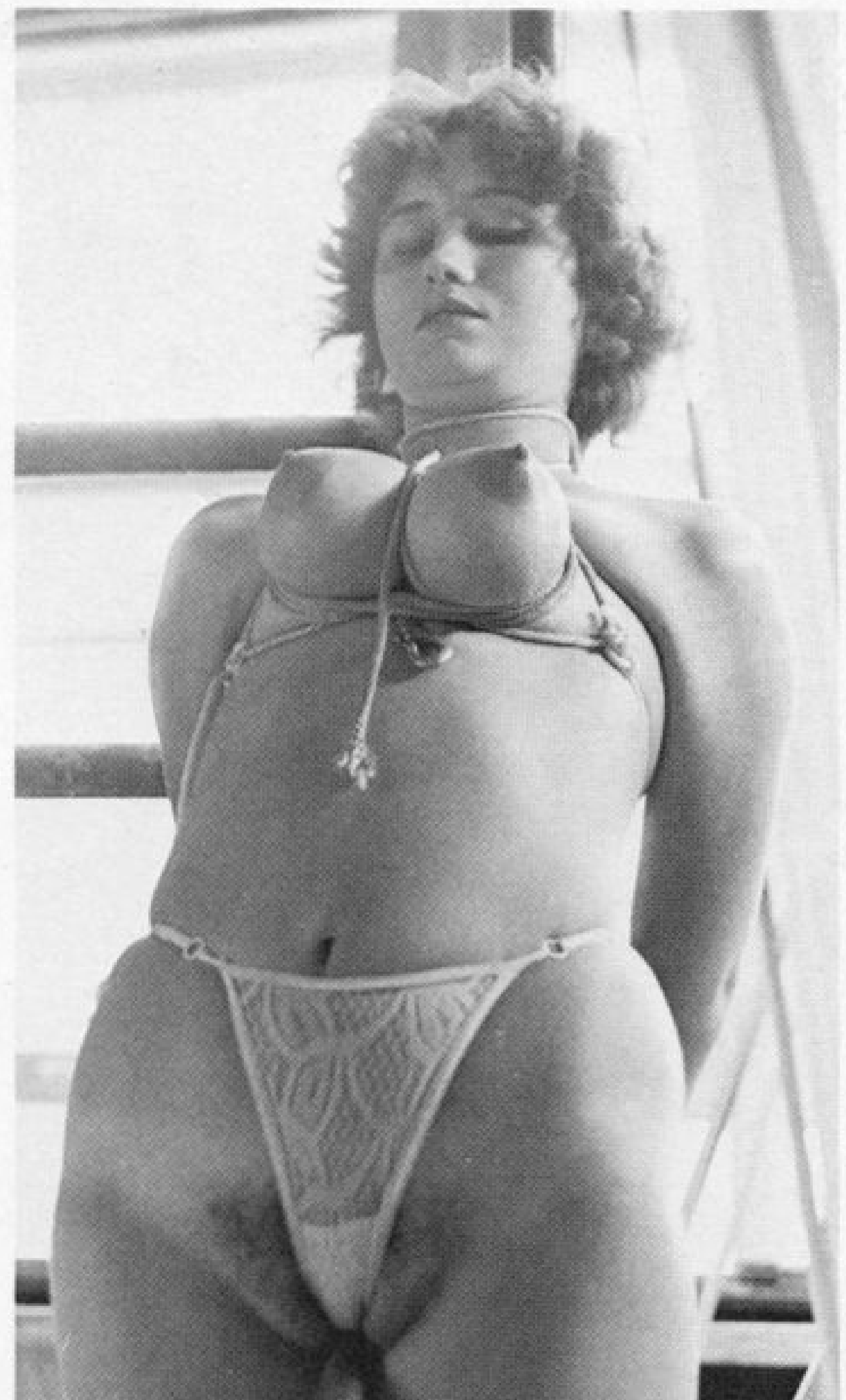
"Should I keep trying, Mister?"

It's sort of pathetic, and once more I feel like a bastard. But no man can turn his back on loveliness like this, and certainly not an artist. I tell her to try like crazy, and I straddle her on the bar.

She likes it! Well, after all, why not! I catch the expression as she beholds glory way out yonder. She's a honey. "Oh, Mister!" she breathes dreamily.





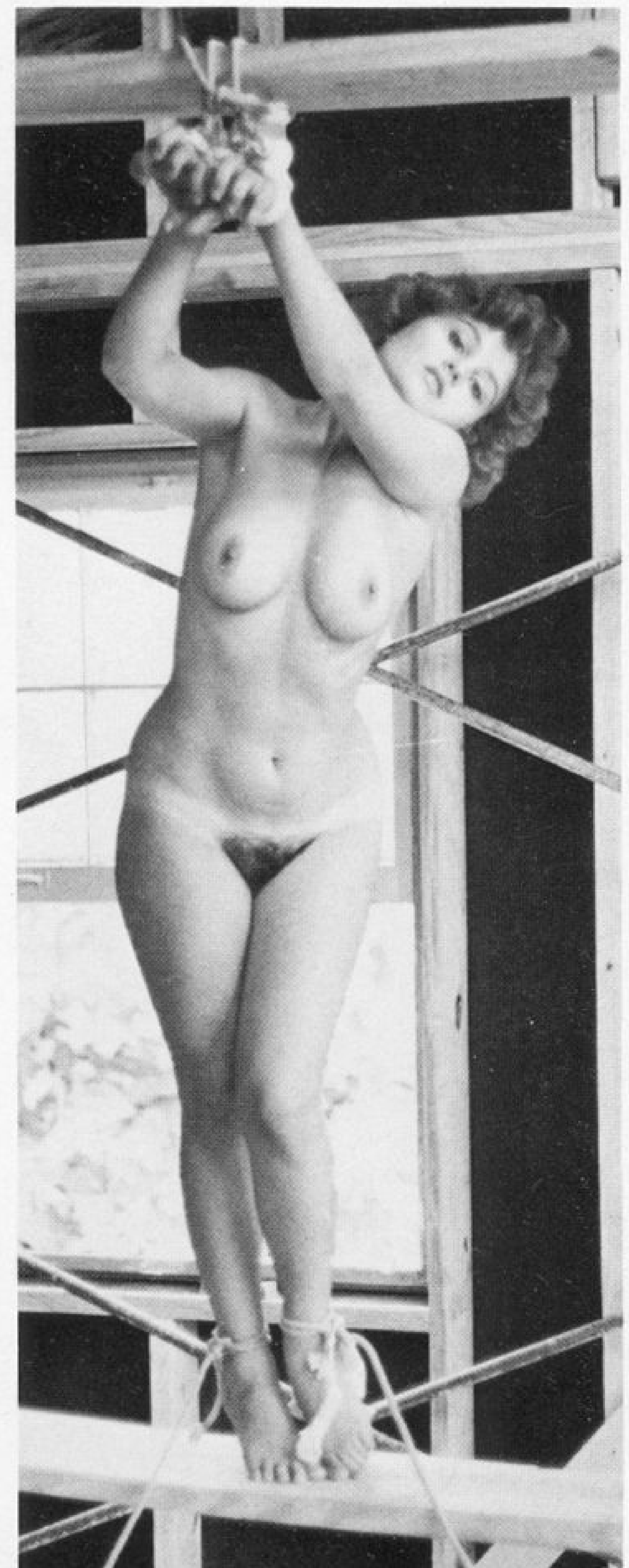


Next time I hang her by her wrists I take her panties before I spread her legs. I snap a peach of a shot while she's still gasping in the knowledge that I'm looking at her cunt. Bare! When I tie her ankles far apart, she throws her head back in a sort of rhythmic ecstasy. This girl could't make a wrong move if she tried.









She's stark naked. Beautifully, wonderfully naked. Her hands are tied together, not spread. Her feet are tied wide, but not fixed. She can struggle within a wider latitude than you'd suppose. And struggle she does! She can turn either way or favor either foot. She can twist like a snake and she does. She's rapt and intent. I'm as busy as she. I miss no shots. For the grand finale I suspend her with her hands tied way out above. Her back is against a post but she gets no support from it. I tie her ankles wide and well down to the floor which her toes cannot reach. She ought to be in agony. But she just turns to me and looks. She's magic, and her magic touches me. I hear my voice.

"Are you married, sweetheart?"

"No, Mister. Does it matter?" She's so anxious to please.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes." She grins a pixie grin. "But don't untie me yet . . . "









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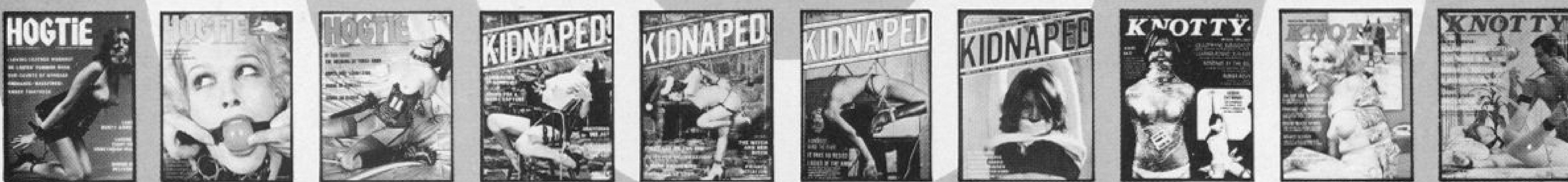
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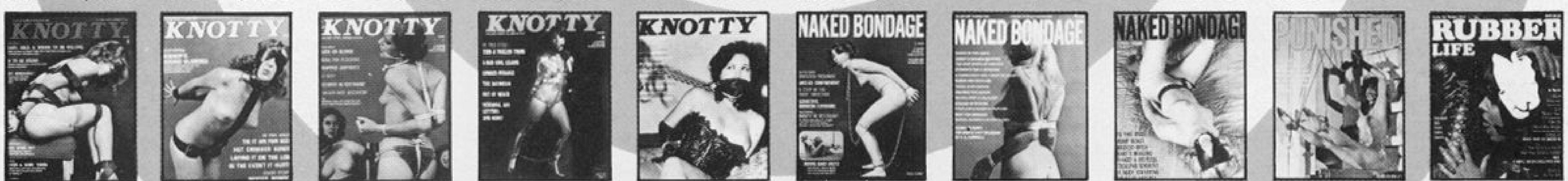
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BONDAGE BANDIT

Elaine Torfield had made it plain to Philip, her handsome thirty-six-year-old husband, that she was finding their five-year-old marriage just a little boring. It puzzled him, because he had believed that everything was blue skies.

There was no doubt that Elaine was one of the loveliest girls that he had ever seen, and indeed that was why he had been attracted to her from the very start. She looked ethereal, with her glossy black hair falling in helmet style over her slanting, highset cheeks, her high arching forehead which was partly covered by a lovely fringe of tiny curls all along the tip, her dainty aquiline nose with its thin, mercurial wings, and her poutingly wistful red mouth. Her luminous dark-brown eyes, set widely apart, were fringed with thick lashes, and surmounted by elegantly expressive, daintily pencilled brows.

She was five feet six inches in height, and her skin was a warm olive. There wasn't a blemish on it, save for the tiny oval brown birthmark high on her inner left thigh near the exquisite shrine of love to which he believed he had paid such ardent homage.

Her voice was soft and throaty, a stimulus in the shadowy confines of their conjugal bedroom. Yet she had an unworldly attitude about her, a kind of dreaminess which made her all the more desirable. That was why he was piqued and even hurt by her sudden unexpected avowal at the breakfast table this morning.

She was twenty-six, and yet at times she had the appearance of a teenaged gamine, youthful and evocative, not a mature woman at all but rather a kind of child-woman who could be distant and uncommunicative at moments. She was fond of art and poetry, she loved symphonic and operatic music, and that indeed had been one of the ties that had bound them from the very outset of his courtship.

Philip was sturdily built, about six feet tall, though he was developing something of a paunch from good living in his post as assistant account supervisor for the large Michigan Avenue advertising agency of Forester, Davidson & Coroway. Occasionally, he had to make trips to St. Louis, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and even New York to get new business for the agency, and he was earning about thirty thousand dollars a year with bonuses at Christmas and had a sizable expense account.

He's met Elaine, as a matter of fact, at a concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall. There had been a crowd going down the stairs from the balcony at intermission, and some big ape had wedged himself through people to get down to the main floor fast, and had pushed her against the stairway. She'd stumbled, and he'd caught her, and she'd blushed and stammeringly thanked him. His heart had been in his mouth, and he had felt stirrings in his loins at the sight of her exquisitely poignant face, a cameo of the most expressive and wistful beauty.

He'd bought her an orangeade, and they'd chatted a little bit, discovered they both liked Rachmaninoff and Prokofieff, and he'd managed to get her telephone number. A week later, he'd dated her for the first time, taken her to an art gallery and then an exceptionally good dinner at LaTour which overlooked all of Chicago and whose view at night was breathtaking.

A month later, they'd become engaged, and two months after that she'd said yes when he'd asked her to marry him.

They'd gone to Majorca on their honeymoon for three glorious weeks. In a bikini bathing suit, Elaine's figure had excited him wildly. And he'd thought they'd been passionately welded. True, she was almost puritanical in some respects. She had to have the lights out, she wouldn't touch his cock, and much less use her mouth on him. Nor had he tried using his mouth on her, except to suck her sweet nipples which grew dark and dusky and firm as hard buds on a maple tree when erogenously stirred.

Yet when it came to cleaving together, when he felt himself within her, with her long legs locked around his and her arms around his and her arms clenching his shoulders, his mouth on hers, and he could feel the pulsebeat and the welling up of her life, he had thought that no other woman in the world could so satisfy him.

And now to hear the ego-shattering remark, "Darling, don't you think it would be a good idea to take a vacation from each other for a little while?" And when he'd asked her why she'd said a thing like that, Elaine had sighed, looked out of the window in their breakfast nook which fronted Lake Michigan at Lake Shore Drive, and she'd said, "I don't know, Philip dear. Sometimes I think we're beginning to take each other for granted. It's becoming boring, if you know what I mean."

"In bed too?" he had gasped.

She'd blushed and nodded.

"But my God, darling, what more do you want? Don't I make love to you enough to convince you that I'm just as madly in love with you now as I was five years ago?" he had incredulously demanded.

"I—it's terribly hard for me to explain, dear. You know — you know I never talk about sex or anything like that. But —well, maybe it seems so mechanical, so — well, inevitable, I guess is the word I want. I mean, I know you are going to come to bed with me, and it's very lovely, yes, and I know you love me, but I just can't— well, I don't seem to respond. Maybe it's my fault, Philip. Maybe that's why we need a vacation."

And so he had gone off to work completely dazed, wondering what the devil he was going to do to win Elaine back. It was true that his new secretary, Francine Williams, was beginning to catch his eye. She was a tall busty goldenhaired young woman of twenty-four, and obviously sophisticated. She had already given him several signs that she wouldn't mind a little affair on the side. But so far he'd been faithful, and he saw no reason for not to be, so long as he could have his yorgeous blackhaired wife be his bedbitch and give him everything a man could yearn for. And yet apparently he was a long way from obtaining all of that wonderful pussy-potential which Elaine could offer. Where had he gone wrong, what hadn't he done to waken her from the ethereal, ivory tower beauty into a clawing, biting, scratching and furiously ardent mistress?

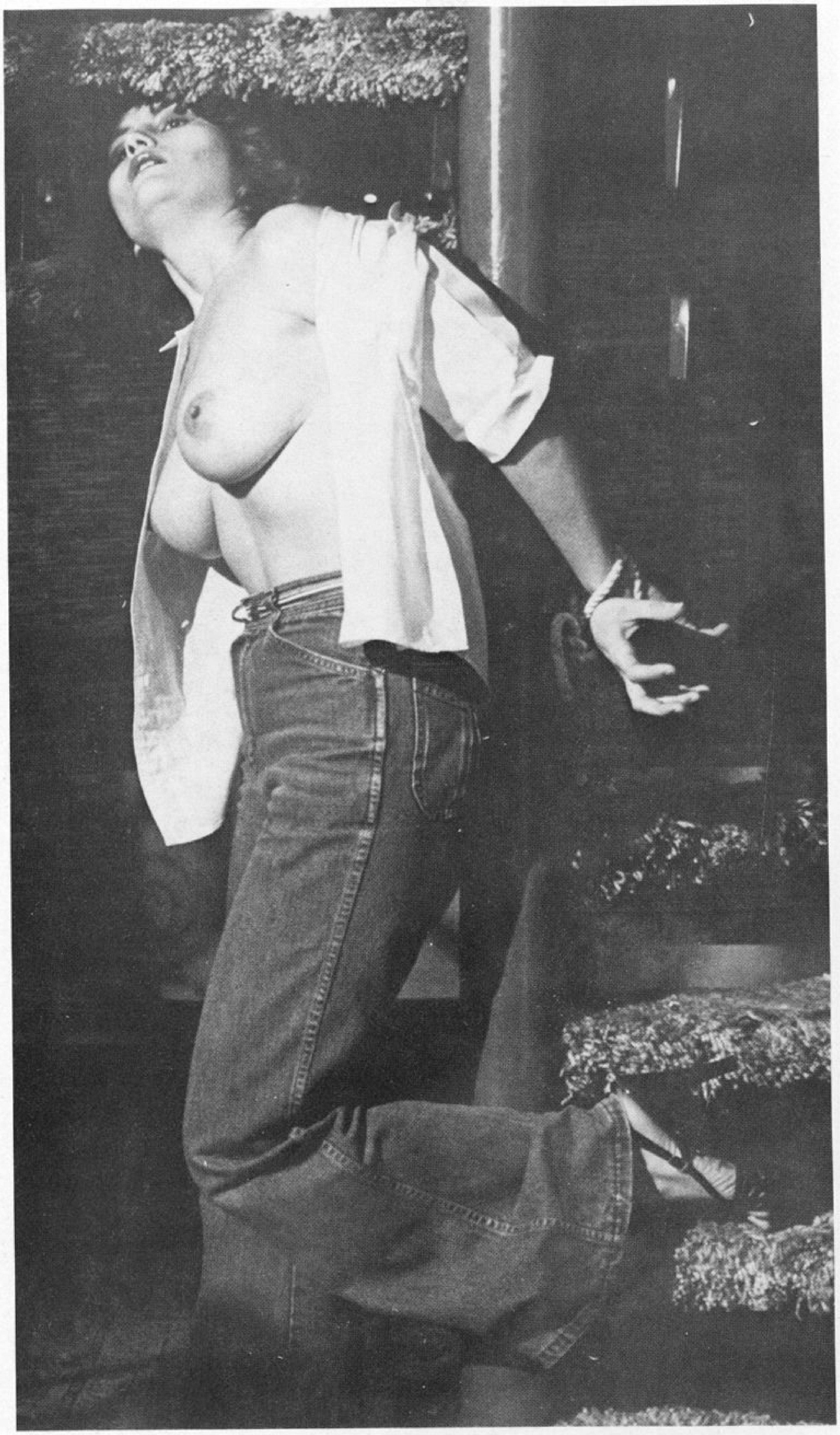
This Friday morning, Elaine had professed a mild headache and asked him to excuse her for not preparing breakfast for him. So he'd whipped up some scrambled eggs and fried some bacon, made some toast, peeled

an orange and eaten the sections, and was reading the morning paper. Elaine had already read it, apparently, for it was folded and crumpled on some of the pages. And then suddenly his eyes fell on the story on page ten, whose headline read, "Masked Rapist Strikes Again."

He frowned, and then read the story slowly. It was a reportorial account from Flint, Michigan. A twenty-one-year-old girl, probably a member of kind of hippie commune, had been found bound and gagged in the woods. A hunter had discovered her lying in a ravine, naked except for a blindfold and with the marks of ropes on her wrists and ankles and waist, as well as many whip marks. When she had been taken to the hospital and revived, she told a harrowing story of having accepted an invitation from a girlfriend who asked her to drive out to a farmhouse where there would be a party. She had gone along trustingly, and once she had got there, four masked girls had seized her, hustled her up stairs to the bedroom, spreadeagled her on the bed after first stripping her naked, blindfolding and gagging her. She had lain there for an hour, straining to hear any noise, trying to cry out, to free herself from her bonds. But she couldn't. And then the door had creaked open, and someone had come in slowly. She could hear the heavy breathing of a man. Then she had felt his fingers on her bare skin, gently and lingeringly, and she had squirmed and twisted. Next he had begun to tie lengths of rope very tightly around her knees and thighs and ankles, and even tortured her breasts by binding them and pinching them after he had finished the fettering. For at least an hour he worked over her, and then he took a feather and tickled her until she nearly fainted.

Continued on page 36

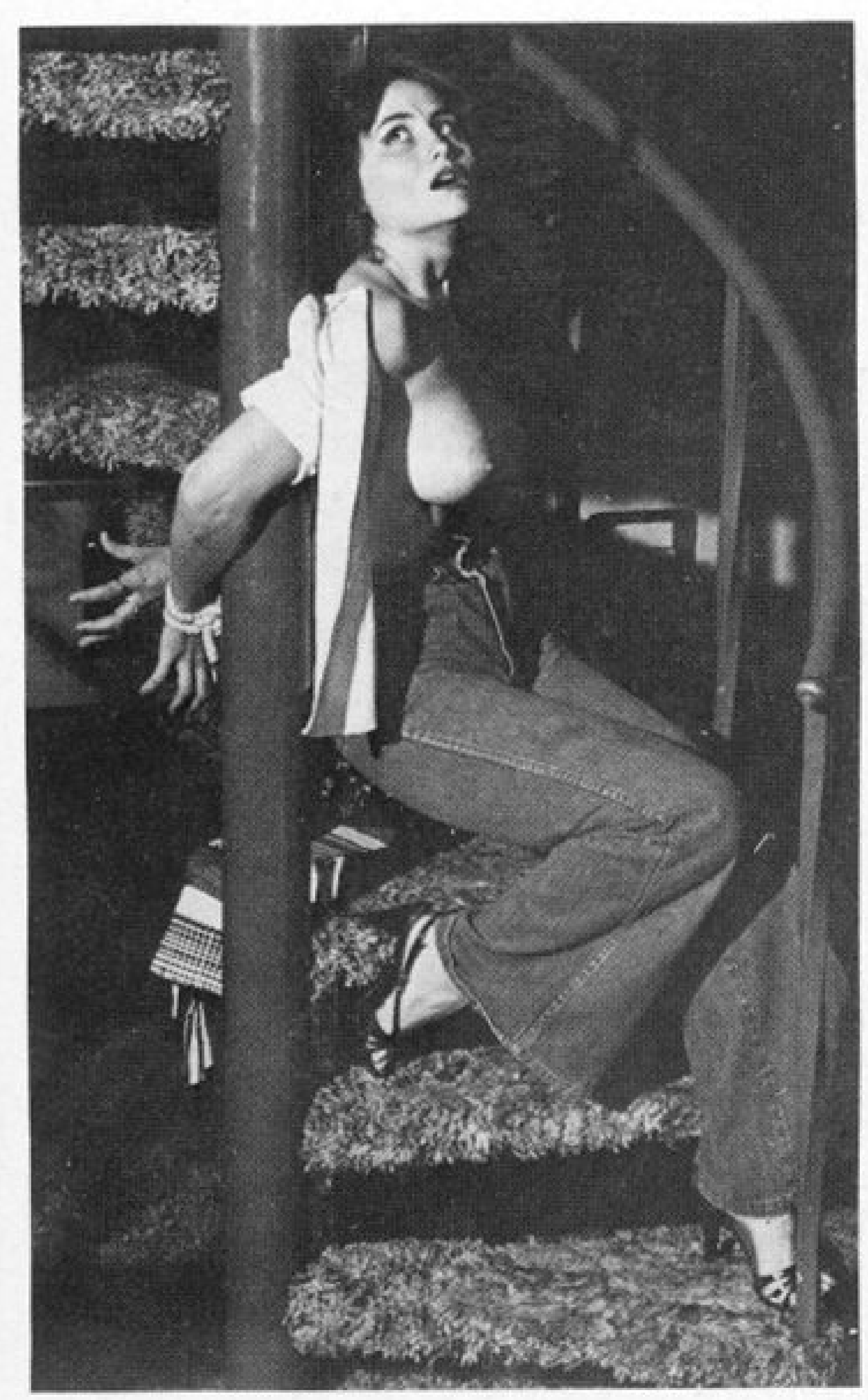
HER SWOLLEN BREASTS

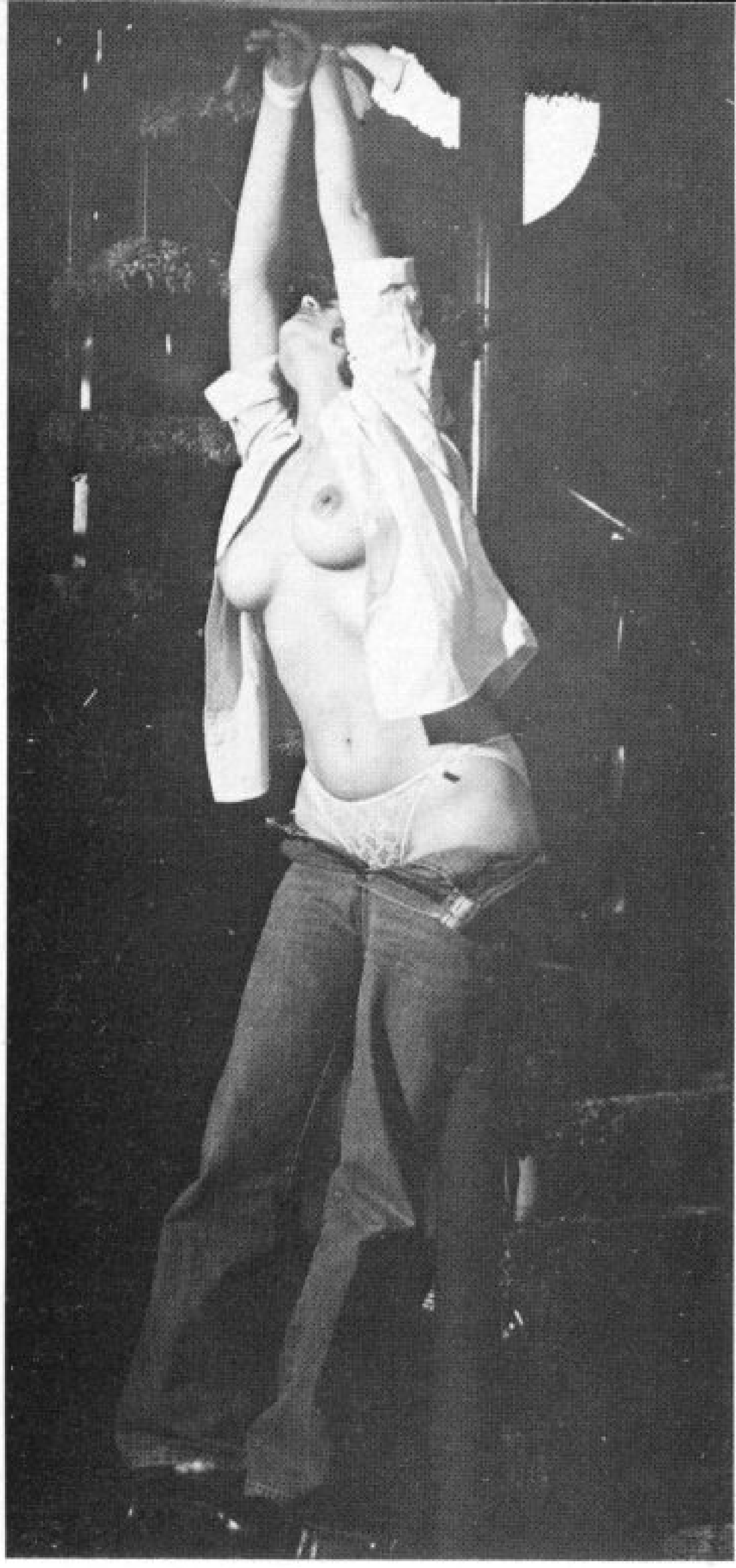


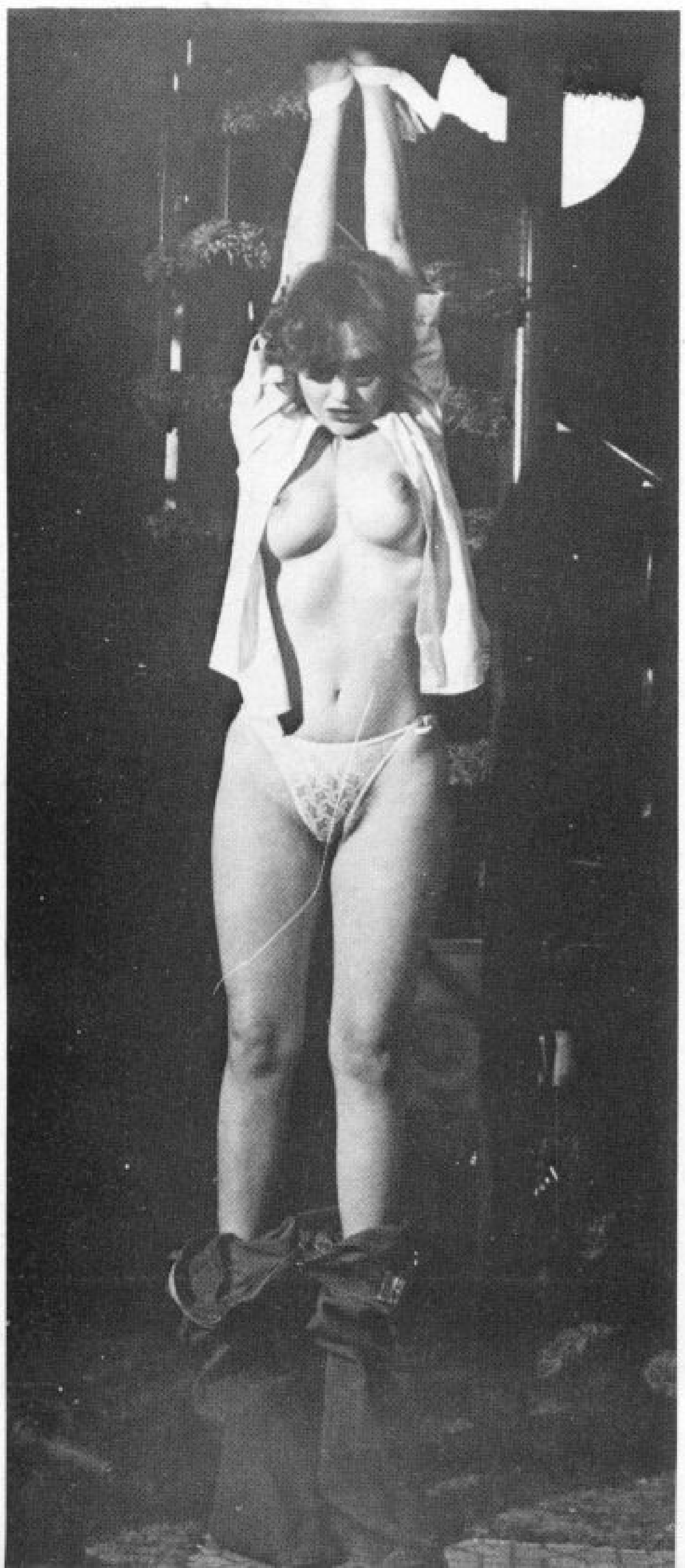
It's my own fault. I saw the look in his eyes, the same as that other time. But there's a difference: that time I was willing, this time I'm not. At least I don't think I am. I could kick myself.

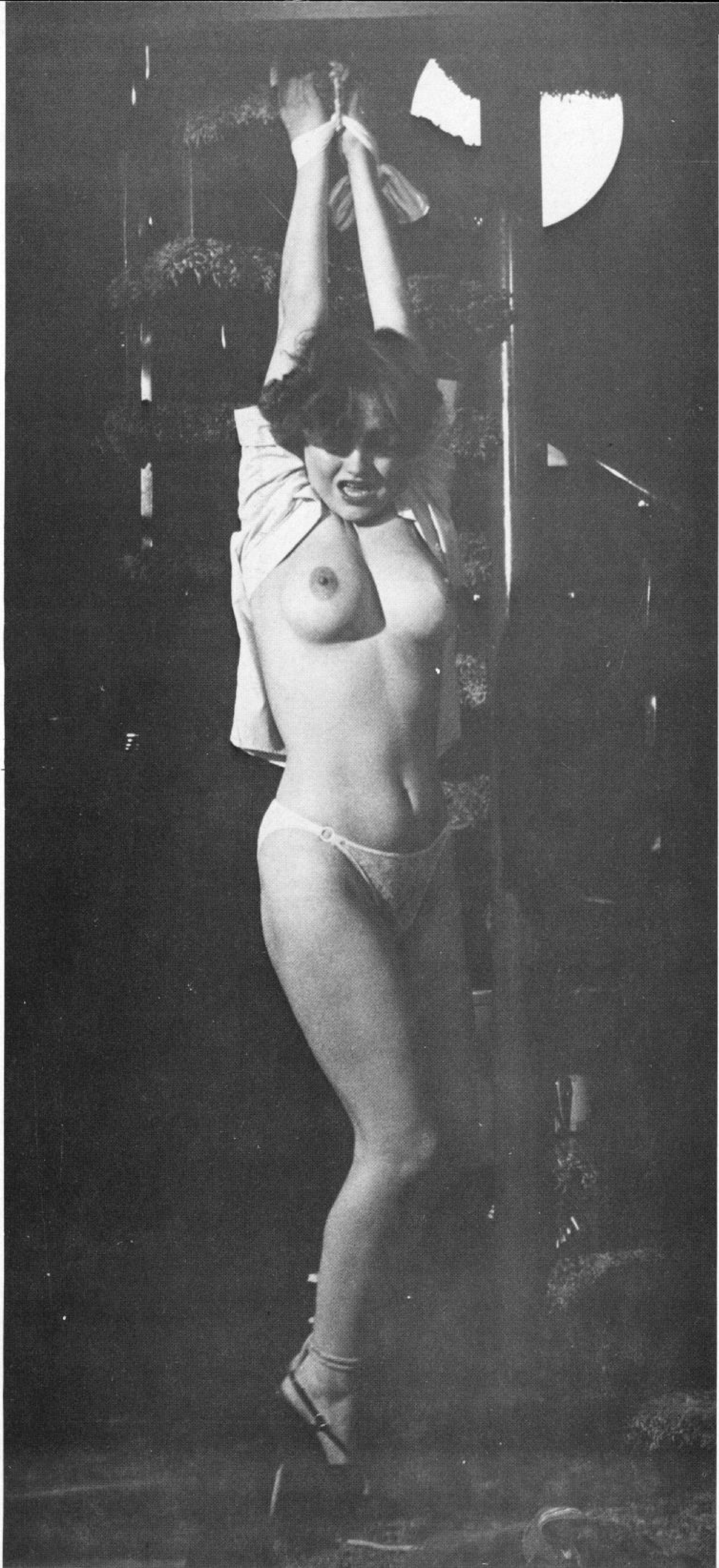
Here I've been thinking of being tied up as just his thing – for kicks. But I can see how this way he kills two birds with one stone. I mean. all this tying up my boobs and my poor little pussy! It's way out. Oh sure, it's sort of artistic, and I'm sure I look cute and all bare and goosey, and I positively curl up when he backs away and gives me an appraisal. If it was just for an hour, like last time, I'd just pout and refuse to look at him. But I've been here three or four hours already! At least, I think I have. Oh golly, it would have been a lot easier to have done the laundry and been polite to his Ma . . . I mean when we got married I never expected this!

I'd have told him this isn't going to work, but he got the gag in before I'd thought up just what to say. Really, some men! It's not that I don't love the silly twit, but why doesn't he just spank my bottom, or cut me off for a week, or refuse to let Ma in the house for a month. There are so many things . . . .







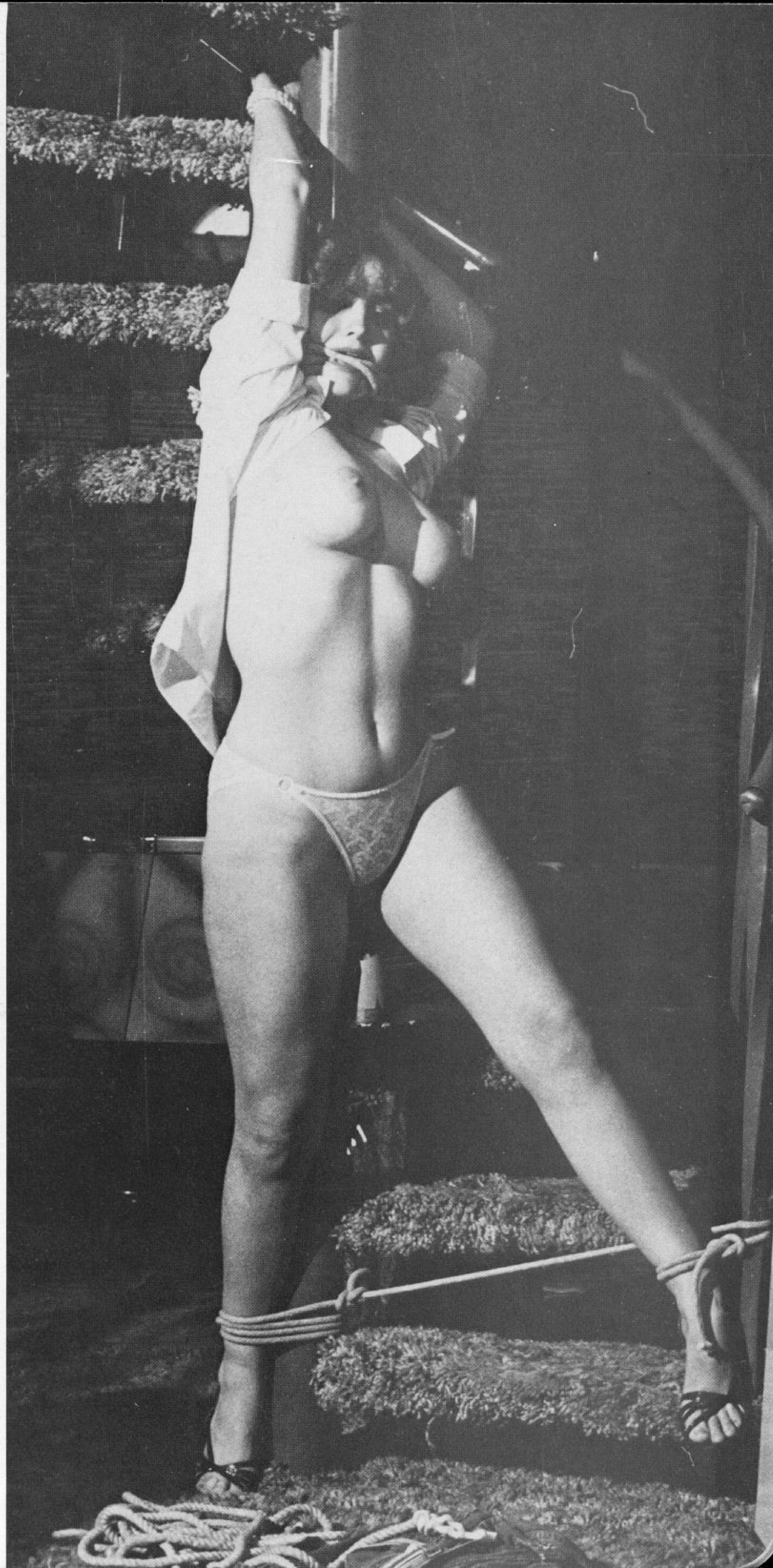


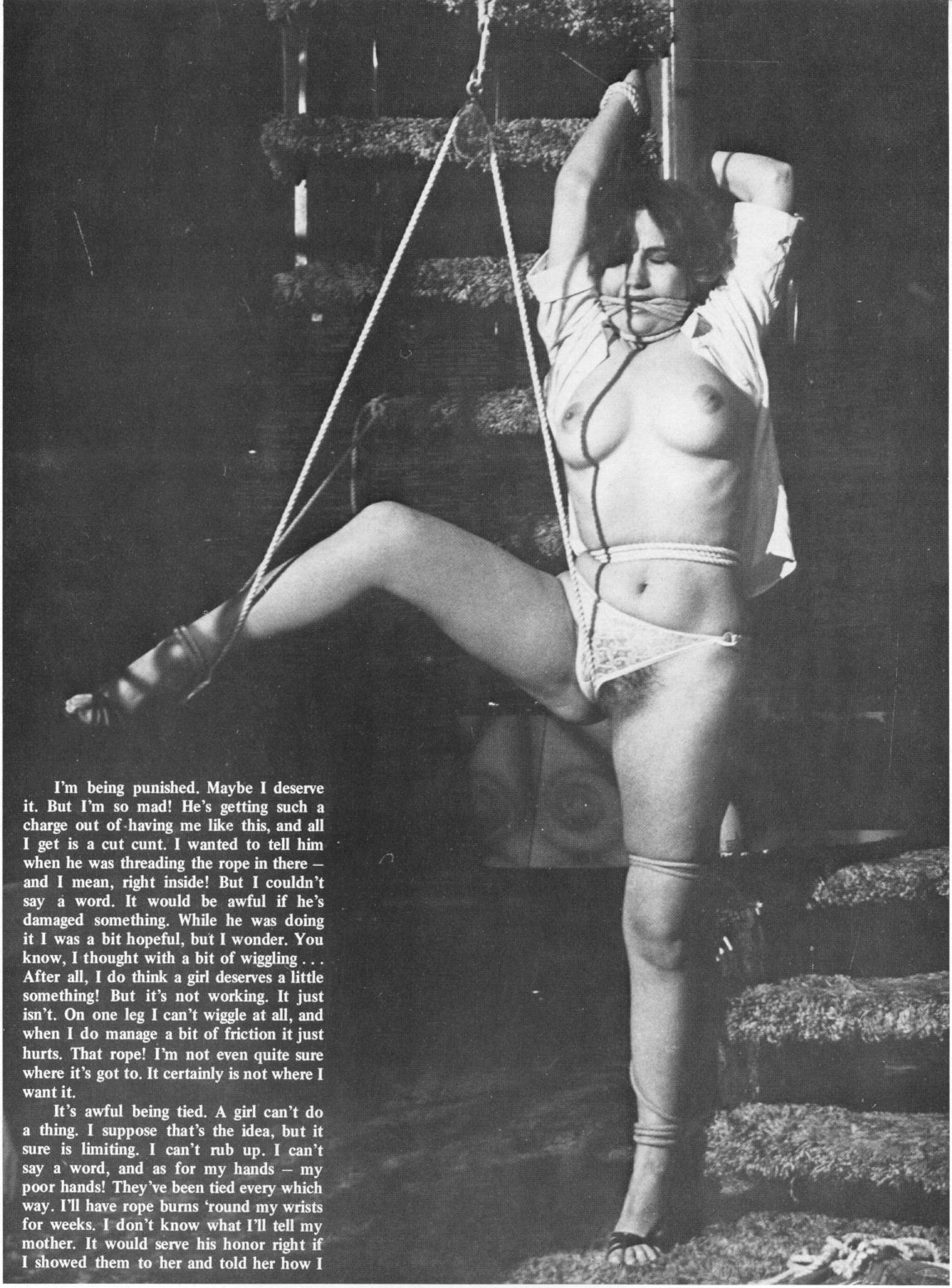




I'll have to make some suggestions. I don't want to spend my life in this damn shed: winches and ropes and posts and all this rope! I hope I don't get all that rope wrapped around me! It's bad enough now. My poor tits wonder what they've done; and this business of tying my ankles up and down and sideways – and this one 'round my tummy – it's a brute. I've thought up the loveliest things to say, real cock-curlers, but all I can do is drool and give him dirty looks. At least I started out giving him dirty looks, but it isn't all that good an idea the way I'm situated right now. I mean, the way he pinches my nips and ties my foot up until it's almost in my pussy! Well, for a few minutes, OK, but all day!

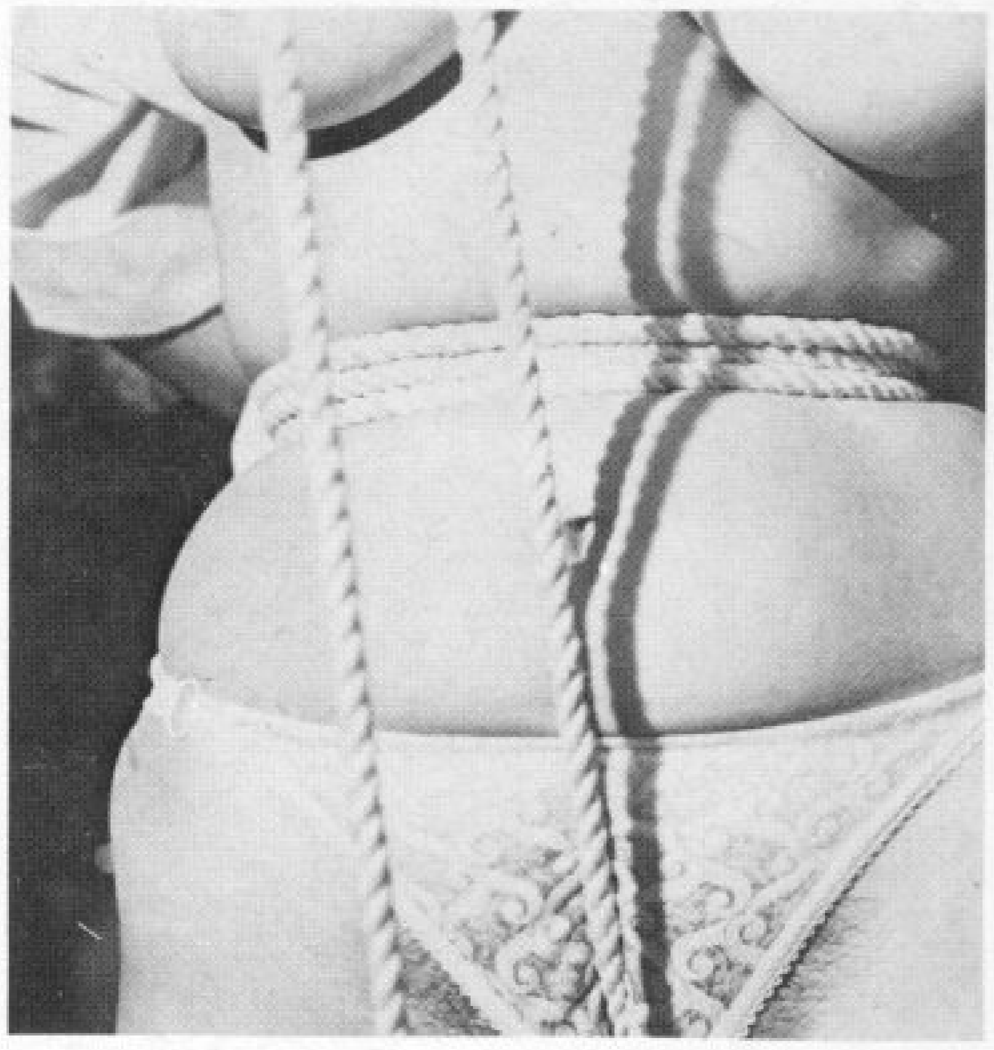






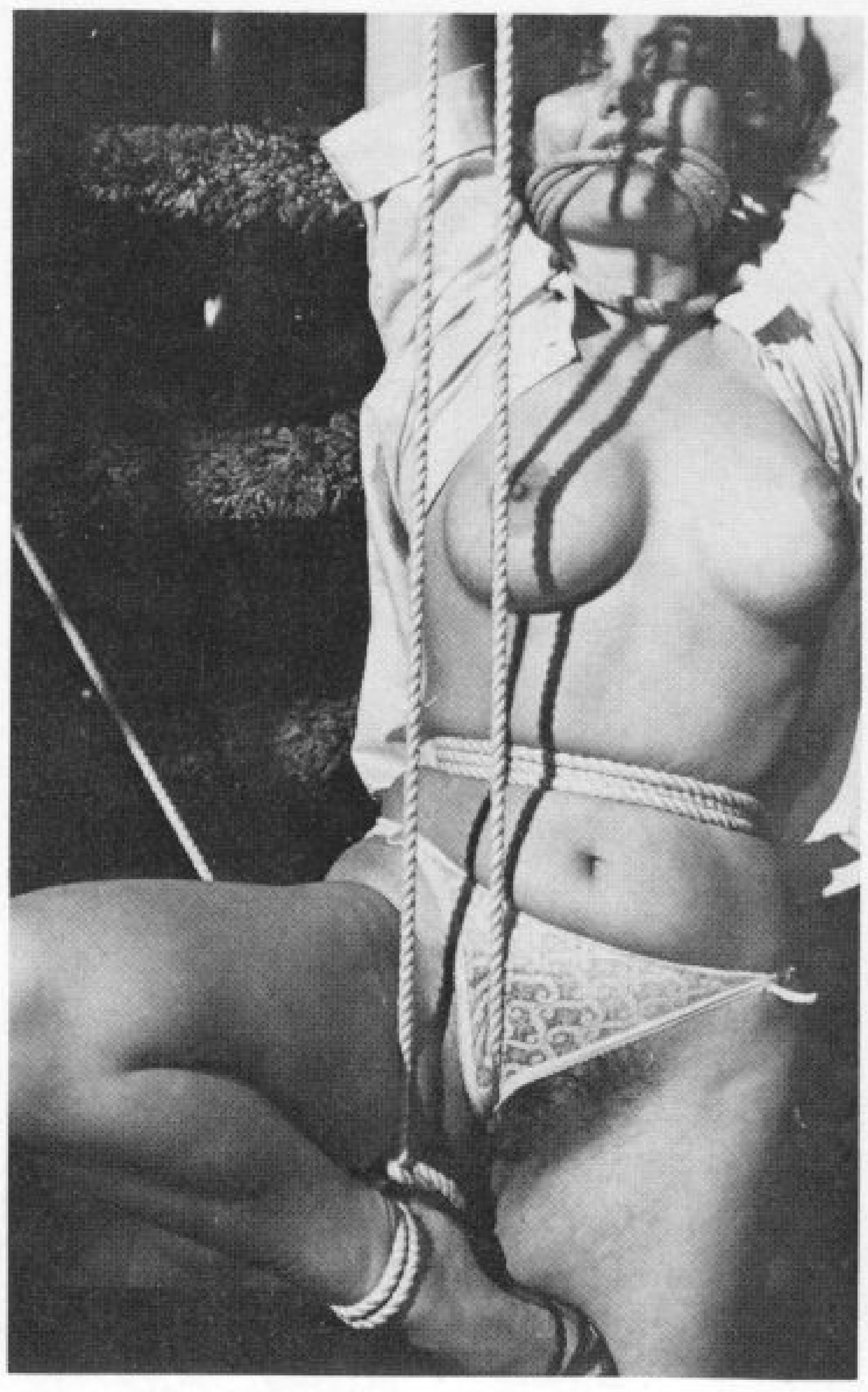
I'm being punished. Maybe I deserve it. But I'm so mad! He's getting such a charge out of having me like this, and all I get is a cut cunt. I wanted to tell him when he was threading the rope in there – and I mean, right inside! But I couldn't say a word. It would be awful if he's damaged something. While he was doing it I was a bit hopeful, but I wonder. You know, I thought with a bit of wiggling . . . After all, I do think a girl deserves a little something! But it's not working. It just isn't. On one leg I can't wiggle at all, and when I do manage a bit of friction it just hurts. That rope! I'm not even quite sure where it's got to. It certainly is not where I want it.

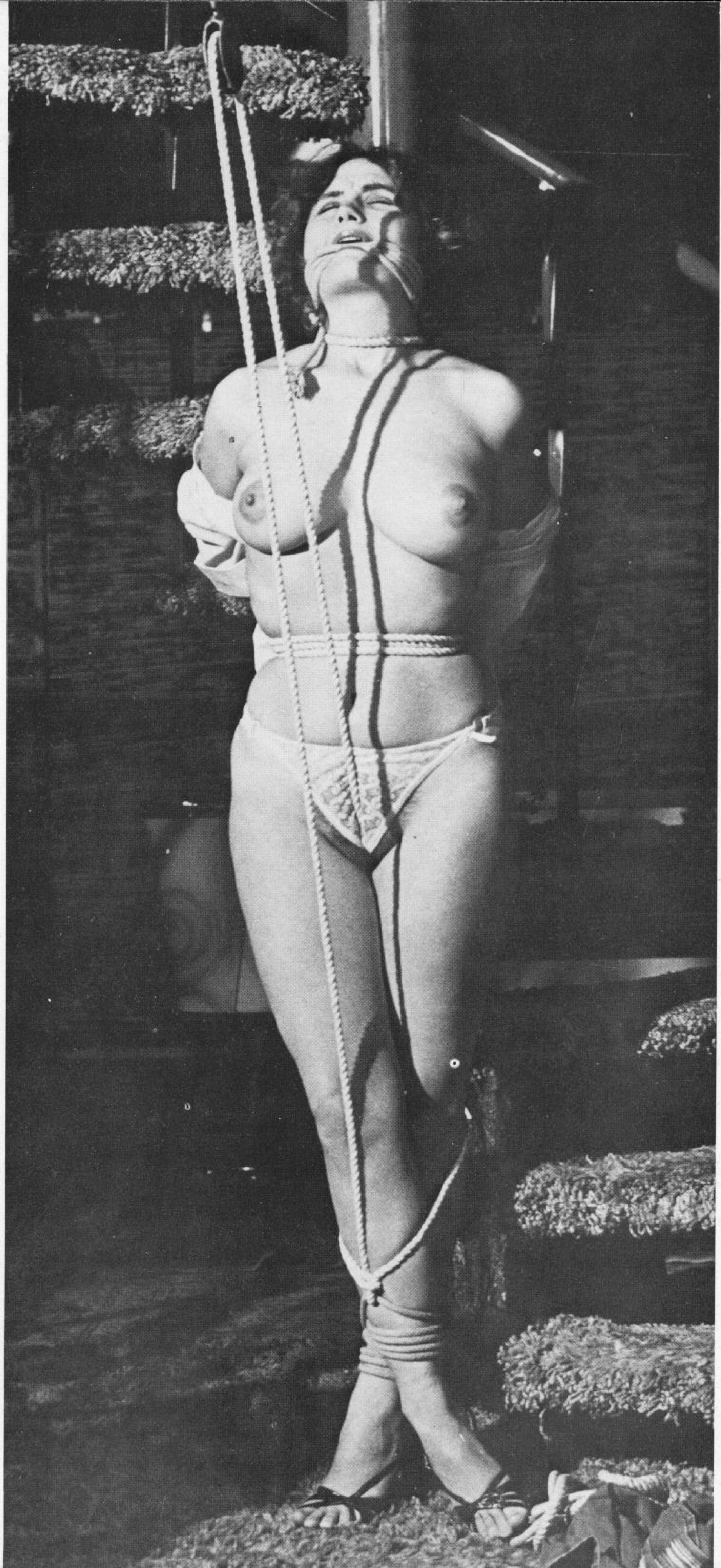
It's awful being tied. A girl can't do a thing. I suppose that's the idea, but it sure is limiting. I can't rub up. I can't say a word, and as for my hands – my poor hands! They've been tied every which way. I'll have rope burns 'round my wrists for weeks. I don't know what I'll tell my mother. It would serve his honor right if I showed them to her and told her how I

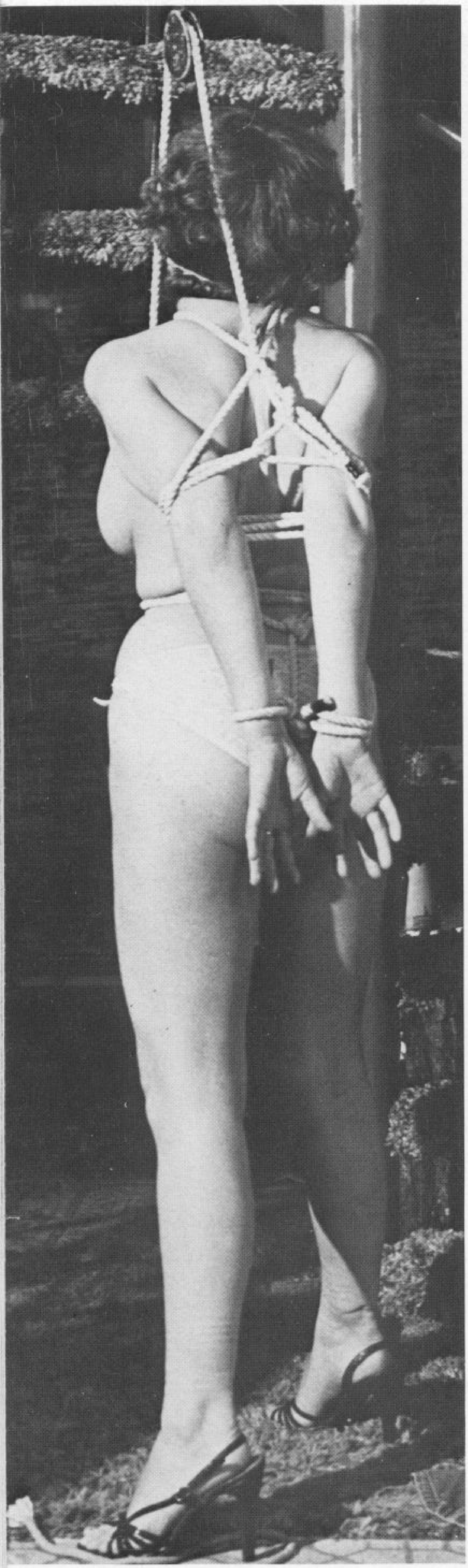


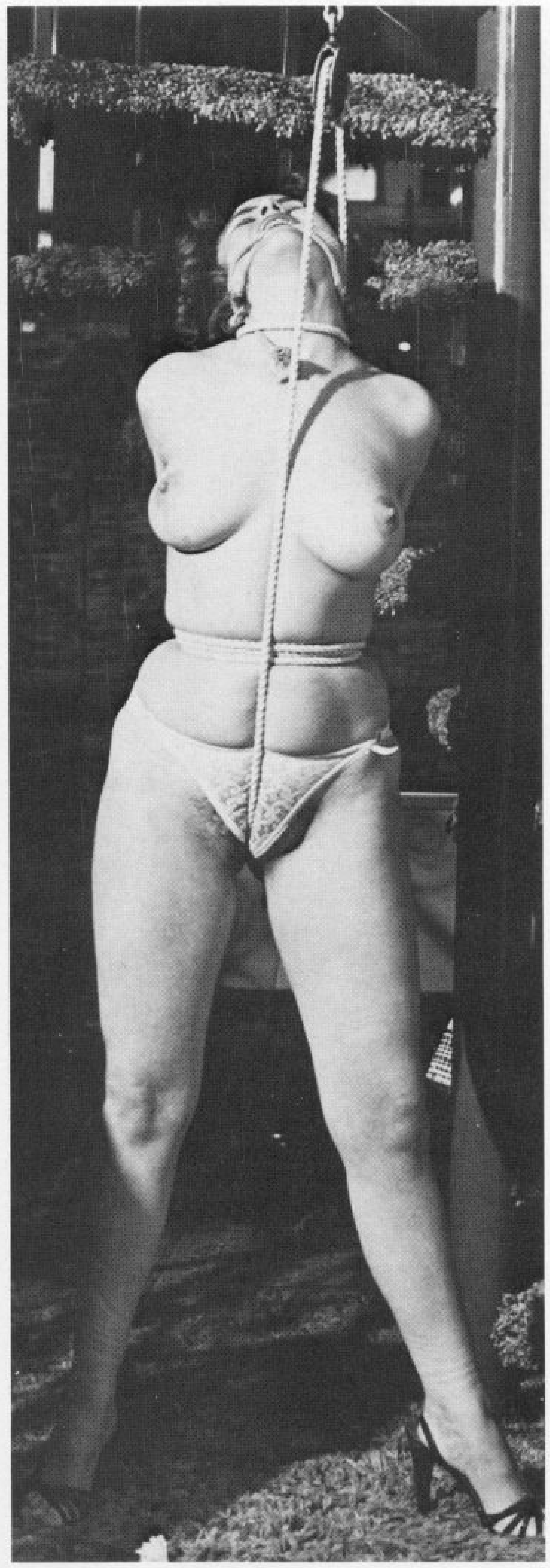
got them. But she does carry on so about what she always told me, and what a blessing Pop isn't alive to see. I really think she's disappointed he doesn't beat me. I'm may be a little disappointed myself. I mean, a few licks with something would be better than this – if it didn't hurt too much. I'll suggest it.

Of course I don't mind about my clothes – being naked, I mean. We actually are married and it's positively horny-making the way he simply drools over my tits and twat. I'd ask him to use 'em if I could. This being gagged is the shits! I'll mention that too. If a girl can say something it sure does help. I'd have had him real worried by now if I could talk. You know, divorce, telling Chrystal Myers down the street, and all that.









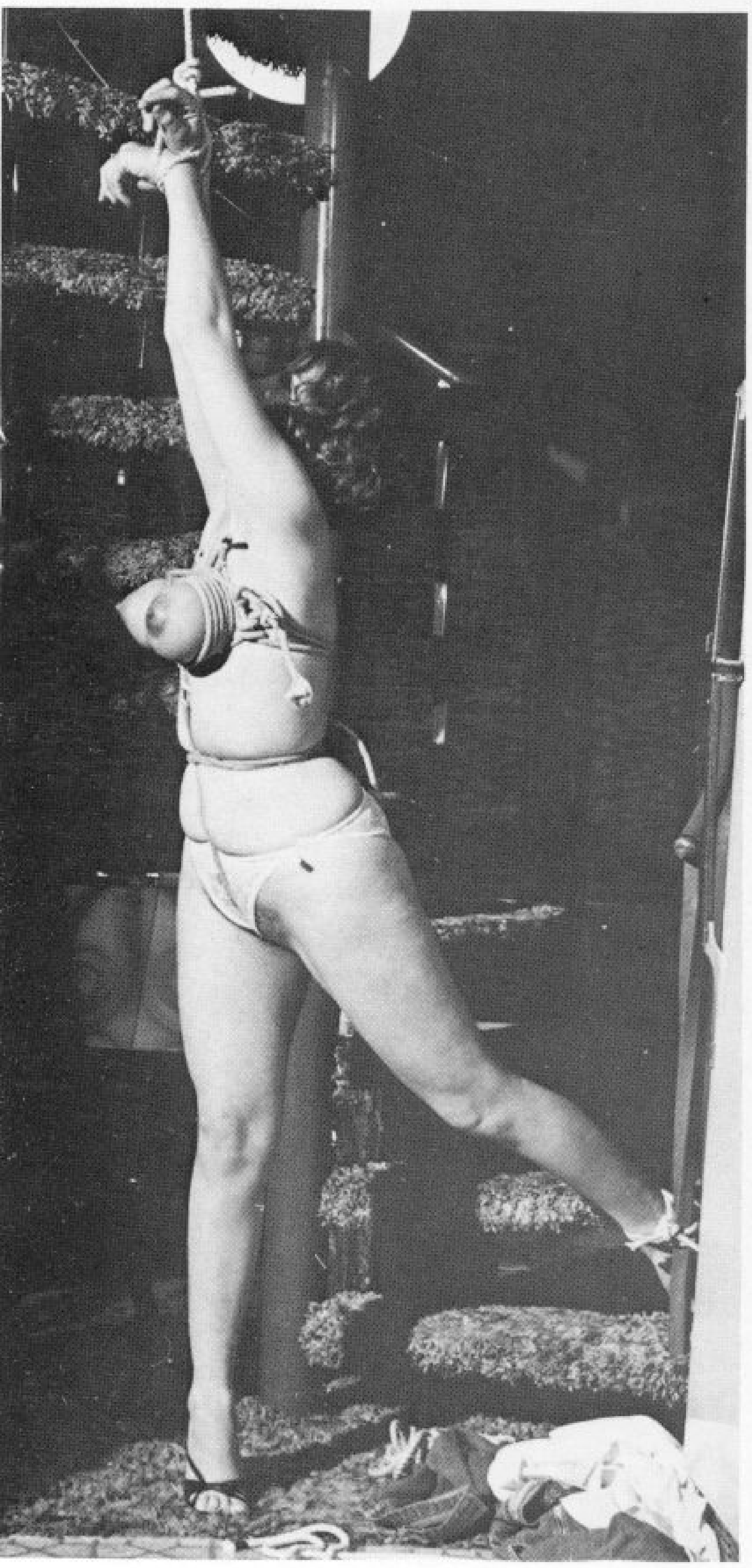


I don't believe that about bringing Chrystal in to have a look at me. He'd never have the nerve – a witness and all! At least I don't think he will, but he could. There's nothing to stop them. Oh no, Chrystal looking at my roped pussy and my tied tits, and the silly look this gag puts on my face. If he brings her in here I'll die. I'll simply burn up with shame. She may be my best friend, but she'd adore seeing me up on my toes with bursting boobs and my legs a mile apart. I wonder if she'd let him do it to her! I'll mention that too. If he just has to rope up a girl I might think up something to put her off her guard, and once her hands are tied . . . well, that should do it!

It's awful when I hang! You've no idea! I keep reaching with my toes and there's nothing there. And my wrists! Like I said, I'll have bracelets. It was while I was hung up I decided to button up the cold glare and look sad and reproachful and pathetic. It's not too hard to look pathetic.

He won't use that whip on me, I'm sure he won't. He's hung it up there just to be mean. It's part of the whole bondage bit, like when he slapped my bottom with a strap that time. He said it was to warm me up in front and it actually did! But this awful thing! I wonder where he got it?

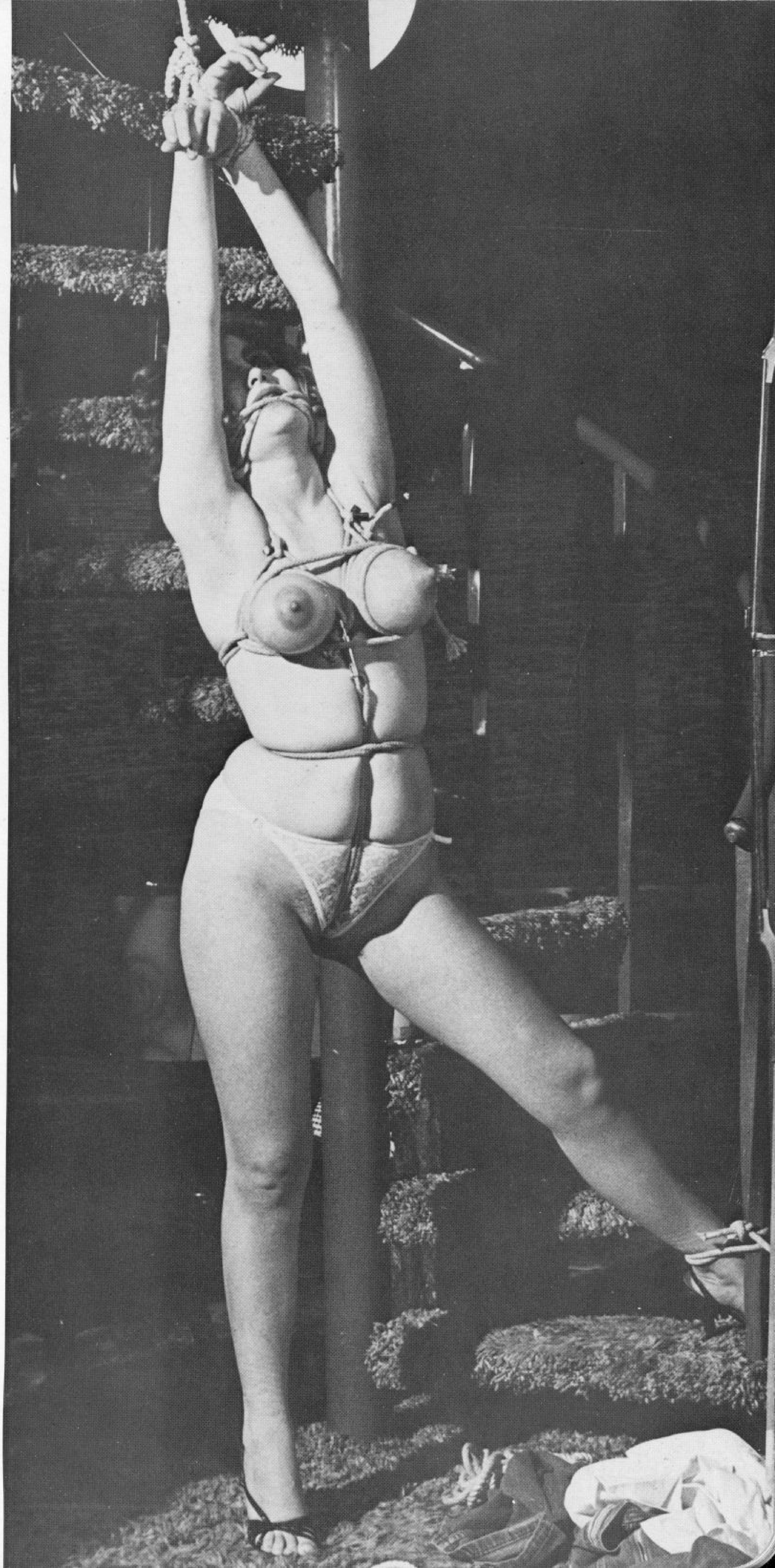
Chrystal had some books. We used to giggle over them. But now I come to think of it . . . hmmm! I wonder! Surely she



wouldn't! Not to her best friend. But the two of them – just suppose! I'd never speak to them again, of course. But a fat lot of good that'll do me now. Oh damn! I don't see why I can't get loose like they do on television. And it's not for want of trying, but everything's so beastly tight! The way I'm tied would hold an elephant.

Supposing he just leaves me! He could, easy as not. Suppose I'm here like this untill midnight – or tomorrow! He hasn't been in for awhile to change my tie the way he was doing before. I'm just hung up and hoping. For all I know he could be taking Chrystal to a move, or maybe they don't even bother with a movie! Oh I wish he hadn't mentioned Chrystal. I'd cry, but I can't dry my tears, and I'd look silly. Then if they walked in and saw me with big tears running down my cheeks, I don't know what I'd do.

Now I know! If they walk in, I'll just ignore them – even thought they'll never be able to ignore me!



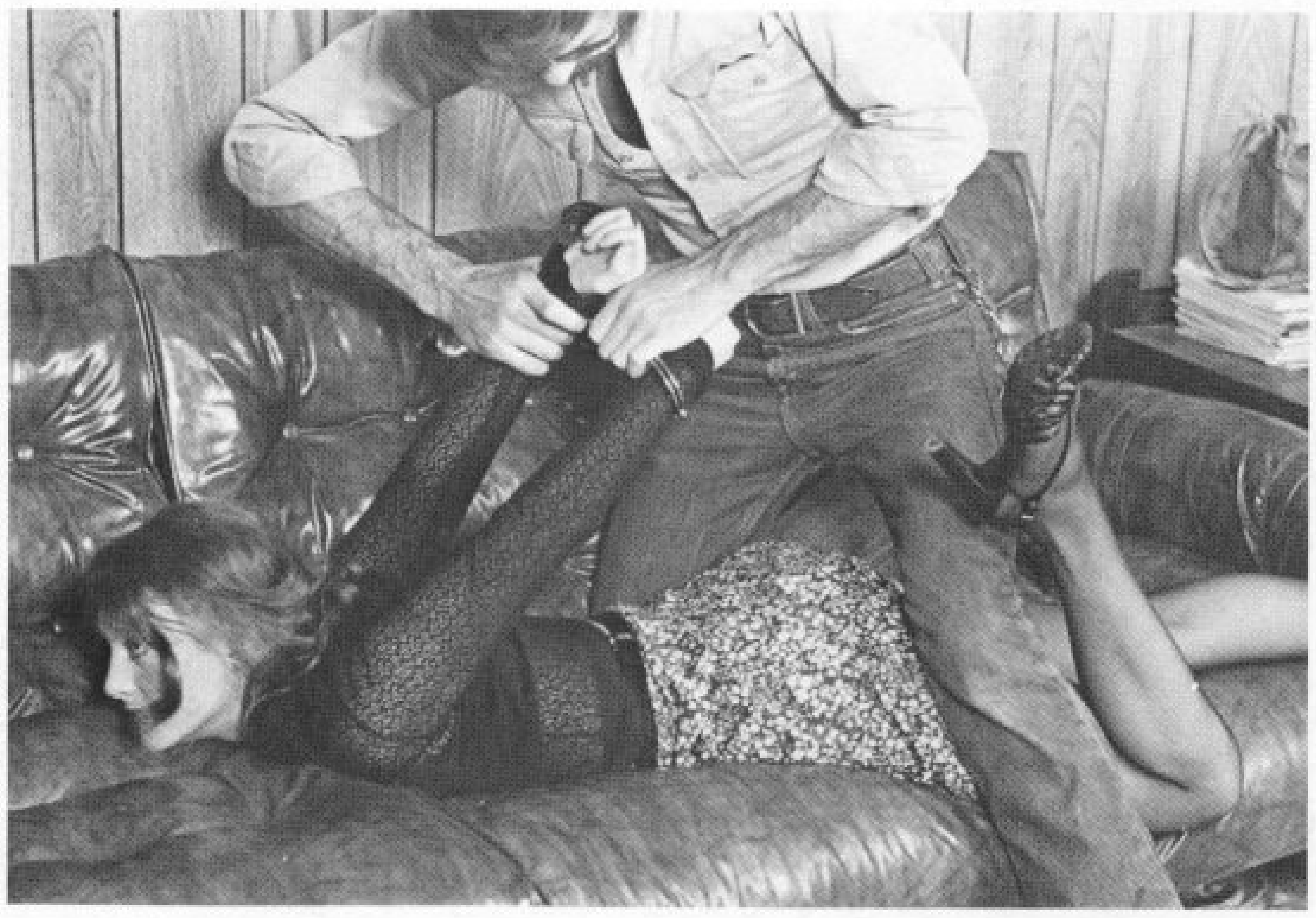


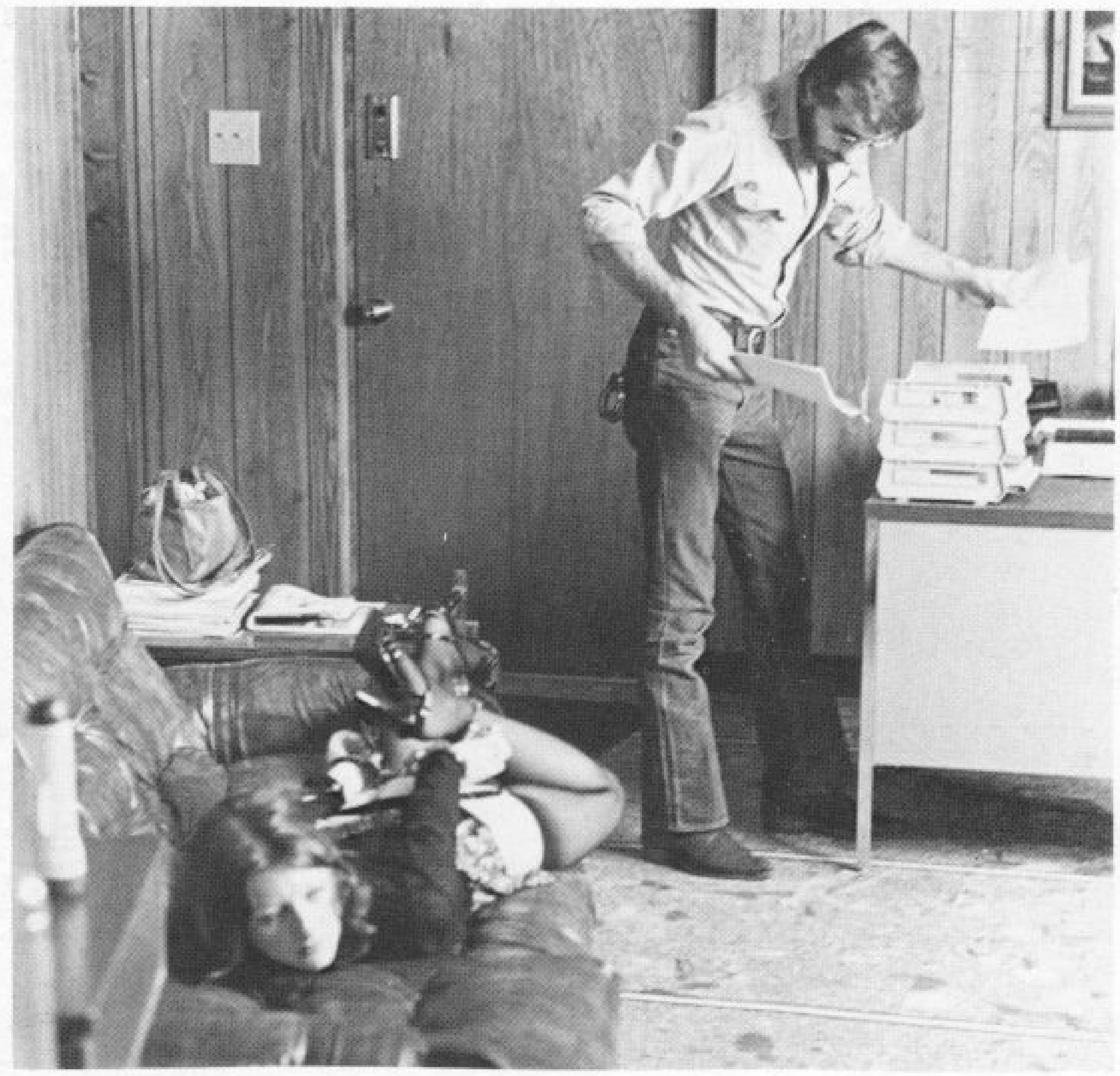




FILM REVIEW: "VIOLATED!"

Kathi had no business keeping her favorite bondage magazine in the cash-box beneath her office desk, nor should she have been reading it instead of working. Completely alone at the office, she certainly shouldn't have answered the ring of the office doorbell so late in the evening. As soon as she cracked open the door a menacing stranger burst into the room. Kathi was too stunned to













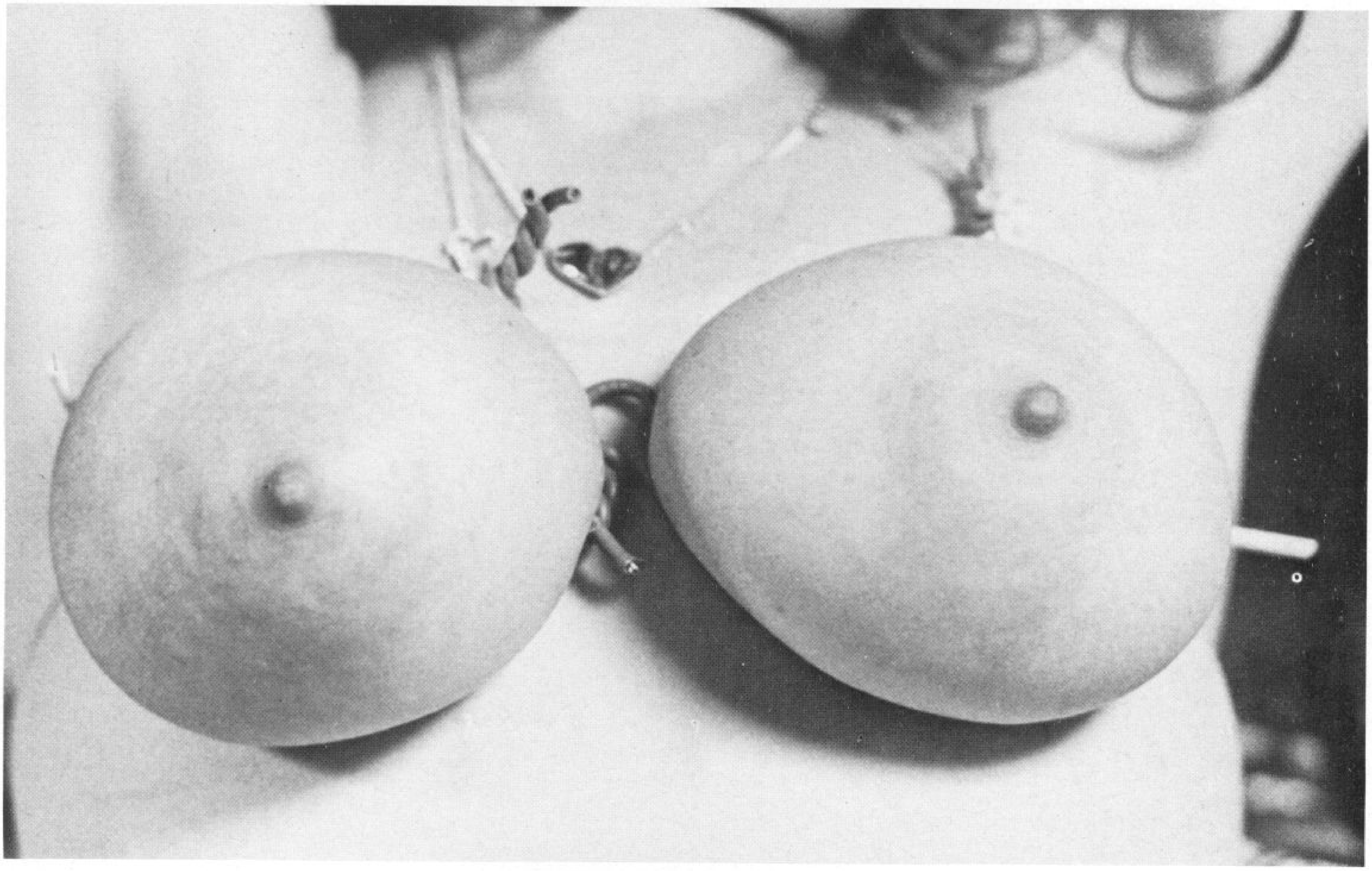
resist when he pounced on her! By the time she gathers her wits, she finds herself belly-down on the office couch, with handcuffs biting into her wrists, one ankle bent up behind her and handcuffed to the juncture of her emprisoned arms. The stranger's hands still tingle with the firm feel of her soft breasts as he busily ransacks the office. Squirming on the couch only slides Kathi's miniskirt up around her hips and increases the agonizing bit of the metallic cuffs entrapping her! If having the bondage magazine in the cash-box was her first mistake, and opening the door was her second mistake, Kathi makes the third and fatal error by not instantly complying with his request for the cash-box key!

She doesn't realize she is dealing with someone used to getting his own way with foxy ladies . . . and who knows all too well how to enforce his demands! He drags her across the floor and cuffs her remaining ankle to her desk so she'll stay put while he prepares a site for her inquisition in the warehouse behind the office. Then he returns to uncuff her ankles and prod her to her doom! As soon as he exchanges the handcuffs for the tightly twisted wires, Kathi knows it is only a matter of time before she gives in! And when wires are twisted and tightened around her bared breasts, causing them to swell into two immense globes of pain, the time has come! Waves of dizzyness and suffering sweep through her body as he methodically slaps and swats at her swollen teats. Kathi feels like she is fainting!

You'll feel each second of Kathi's agony in this new, vividly colorful, 50 meter film in regular or super 8 for only $25.00!







Continued from page 19

After that, she related, he assaulted her.

Much later, after he had left, someone else came in, turned her over and spreadeagled her lying on her belly. Then she was subjected to a severe spanking, apparently by several people, an finally assaulted again. She couldn't identify any of her assailants.

Philip Torfield felt himself trembling with lust. He could visualize everything that had happened to that girl. And then a shattering idea entered his mind. Was this what Elaine was trying to tell him? Did his ethreal, unwordly wife really yearn to be atavistically brutalized, bound and gagged and blindfolded, subjected to torture endlessly, and finally raped?

He felt himself seized by a tremendous erection at the very thought. Perhaps always he had this subconscious yearning to master a girl, but a a sweet gentle creature like Elaine he had put such notions far from his thoughts. And yet this was what she really craved from him. Maybe in this way he could waken the sleeping beauty and turn her into a goddess of the bed. . . . At his lunch hour, instead of going to a restaurant, he sent Francine downstairs to the coffee shop to get him a sandwich and coffee and pie, closed the door of his office and thought about his tactics. He was trembling with lust when it was time to go back to be a masked rapist, to tie and gag and blindfold Elaine and keep her as his slave, let her believe he was a stranger?

It was an idea worth trying.

The rest of the day went swiftly. He was dictating to Francine at four-thirty, when the lovely blonde looked up and, crossing her legs slyly so that her short skirt hiked up to the tops of her charcoal-brown stockings, he murmured,

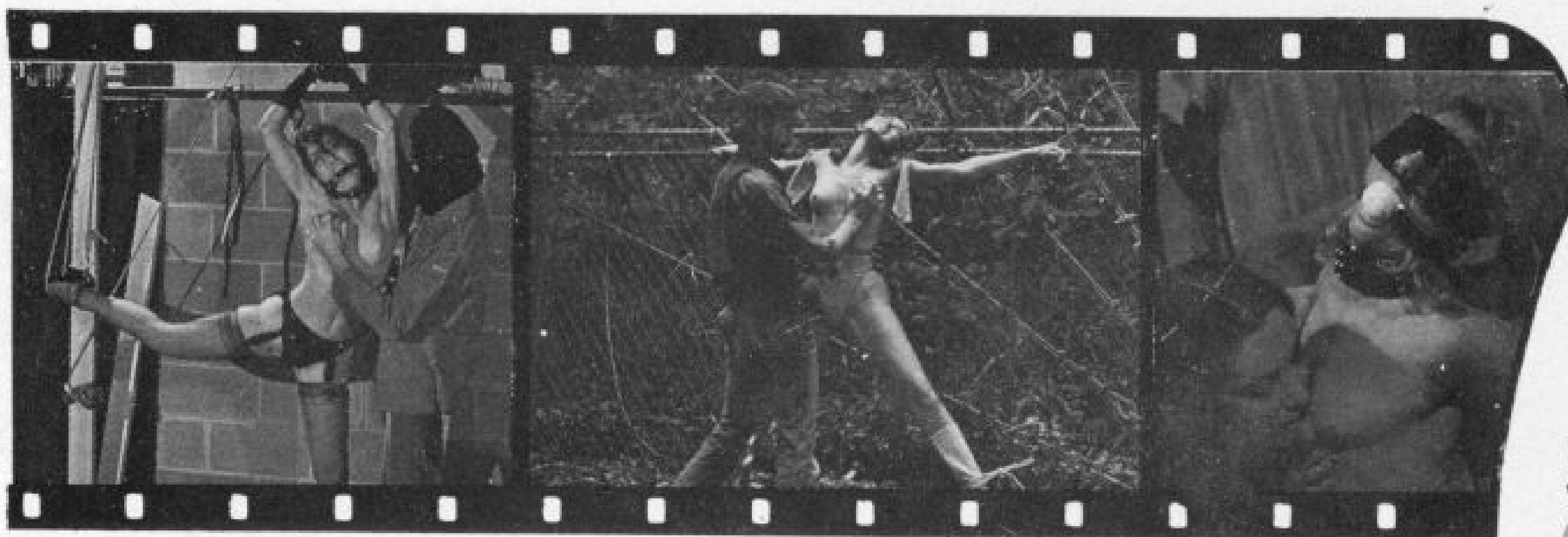
Continued on page 42

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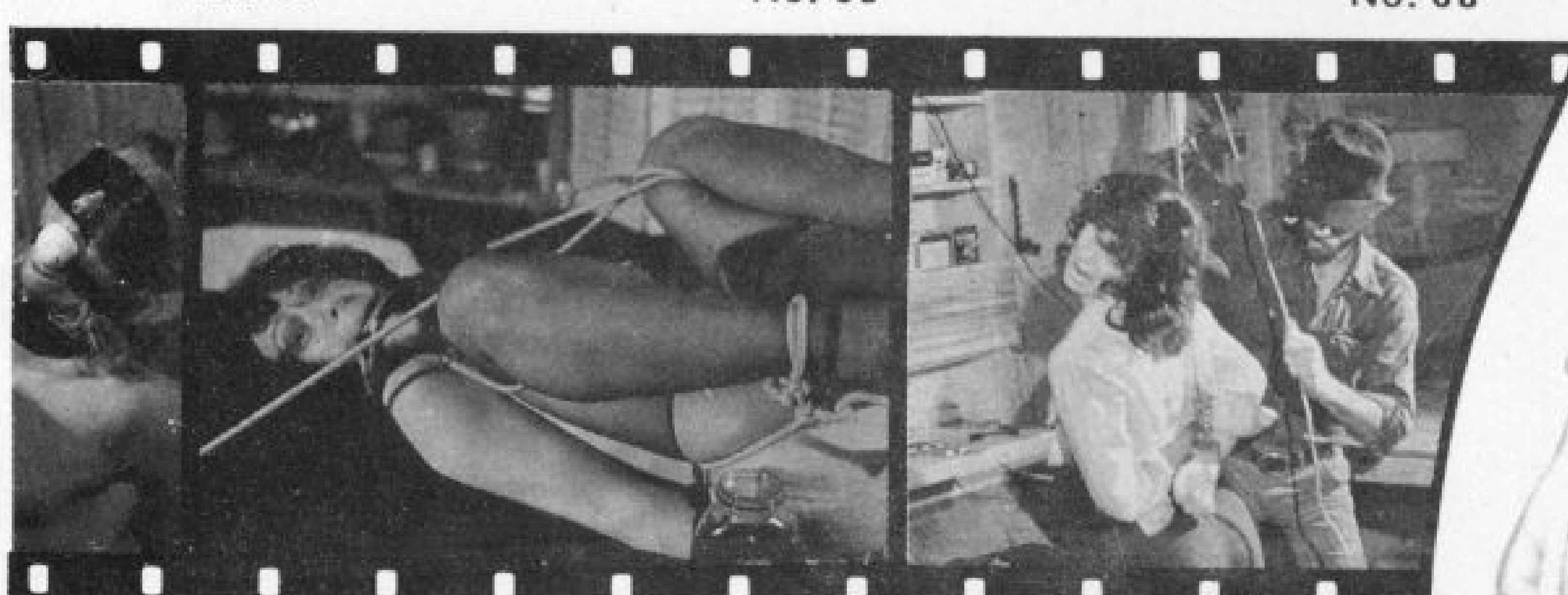
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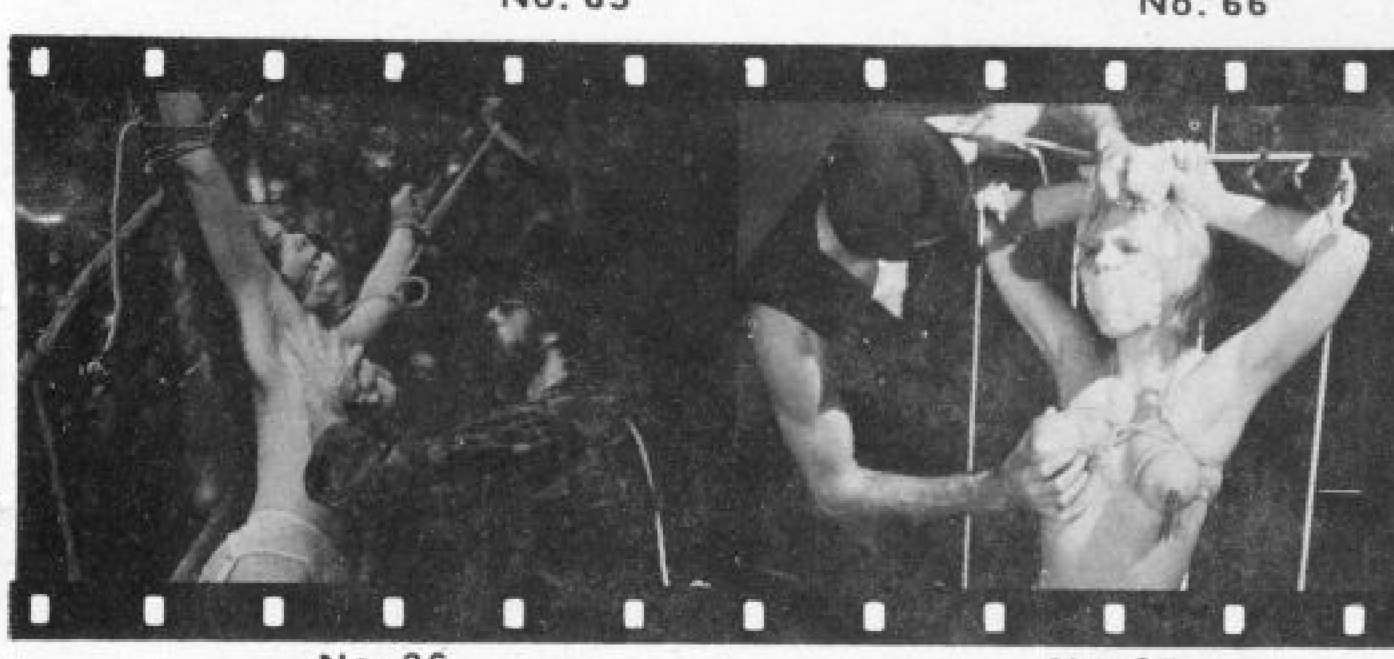
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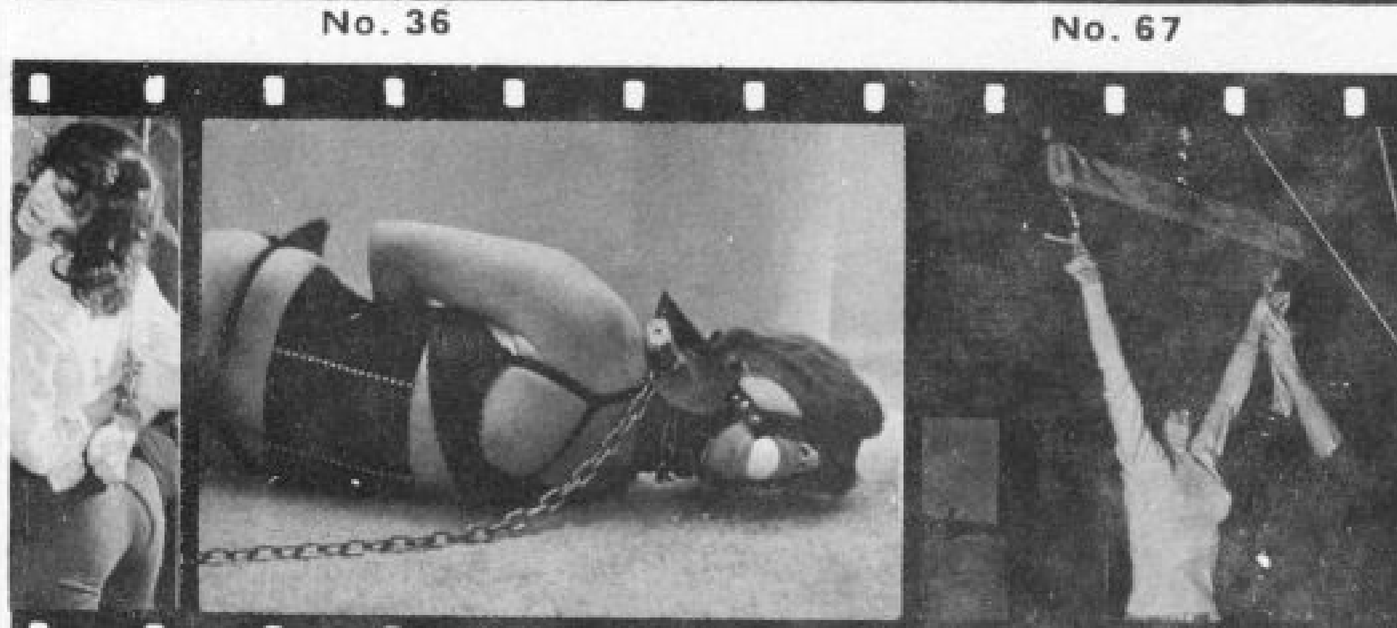
No. 37 No. 69 No. 68



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NO. 63 THE INTERROGATION - The naked girl's courage against the cord, spread and suspended for her master's delight . . . and for confession. Put yourself in her master's shoes as you wrap the wrist and ankle restraints, gag her, hoist her and create the struggle required.

NO. 59 ATTACKED! - Our cameras capture the action as gorgeous little Honey's day of quiet wilderness nature study turns into a day of ropes and bonds. Her clothes are taken from her, the restraint is tight as she is spread against the fence and her pleading eyes beg you to keep watching.

NO. 77 THE INTRUDER - Complete with ankle straps, thigh cinch, gag, blindfold and handcuffs, Bonnie awaits her boyfriend's entrance. But to her surprise, tall sultry Karen, a total stranger appears, and Karen likes what she sees. We watch as Bonnie frantically tries to escape the dual embrace of straps and a feminine stranger. Super 8 only.

NO. 37 ABDUCTED! - Carolyn goes out for a leisurely bike ride in the secluded countryside when she is suddenly taken prisoner by a very interested hunter. She's dragged into the woods, disrobed, tied, suspended and forced to please him.

NO. 69 THE TERRORIST - Out of the trunk of the car and into the warehouse, hands overhead, she is lifted off the ground, her naked body jerking uncontrollably from the searing pain of his whip. She knows she has to give in; has to tell, but she also knows that she better produce the wounds to exonerate herself with her people.

NO. 68 PAINFUL PERSUASION - With everything happening so fast she can't think. He stuffs something in her mouth, wraps the rope to keep it there, her leg is hoisted high as she wabbles half naked and off balance. He continues teasing, taunting, bringing her to the brink of ecstasy and easing off only to begin again.

NO. 65 ASSAULT! - Her captor's hands strip, spread and bind with an assailant's lust. Each tightly bound cord confines her tender, smooth silken body as she writhes in helpless captivity. She is a true victim of vengeful assault with no signs of rescue or relief in sight!

NO. 66 PUNISHED - Suddenly he's there, wrenching her arms up behind her with lightening speed, her face a mask of shock as the steel cuffs click into place around her wrists. Her unending torment continues as he puts her on a large work table that has been turned into a rack for stretching bad little girls and leaving them open to their masters' every whim.

NO. 36 OUTDOOR BONDAGE DOUBLECROSS - Beautiful and sexy Laurie is convinced that bondage is for her! You'll see her spread-eagled outdoors on a wood cross with her captors taunting hands kneading her helpless, desire-racked body.

NO. 67 ROPE BURN - She is subdued quickly, efficiently. Her slight frame is stripped naked leaving her unprotected except for a skimpy, sheer white bikini. Her full breasts are circled with stark white rope until they stand out like melons. Then she is hung upside down, her cries silenced by a tape gag, yet the excitement and grueling torment continues.

NO. 73 DAYDREAM - Lazily Bobbi lies down on the couch for a nap only to awaken later with her clothes gone and clad in shiny black patent set off by stark white rope holding her captive. We watch as Rachel's feminine fingers pull the straps tighter on her captive and then link the chains that force her prisoner to accept defeat. Super 8 only.

NO. 71 SUSPENDED REVENGE - Deftly he attaches her wrists to an overhead beam suspended by a pulley and lifts, drawing her up until her feet are flailing in the air. She knows that normally he would have her in delirious passion, but tonight she really feared him and had to keep reminding herself that he wouldn't "really" hurt her - not really!

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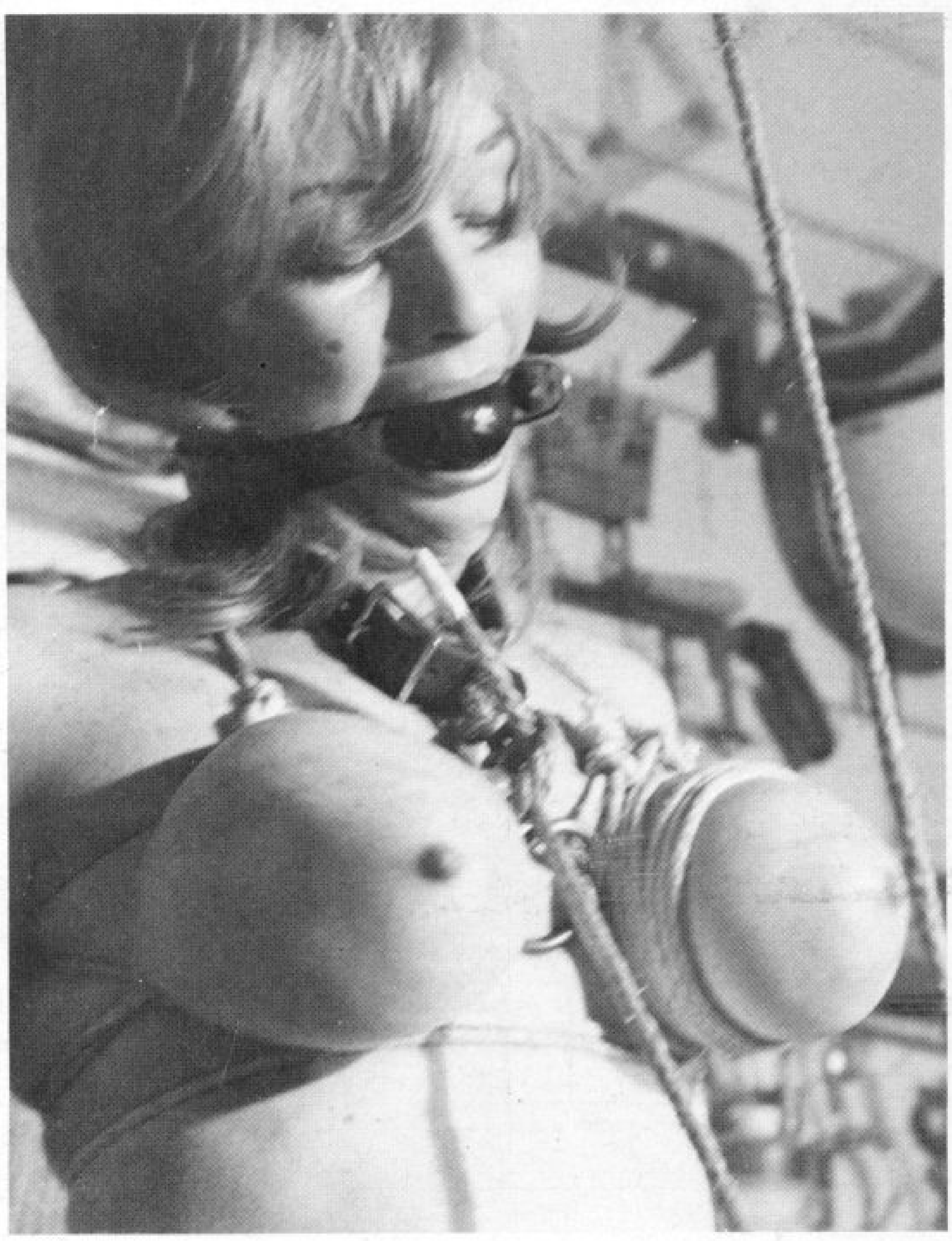
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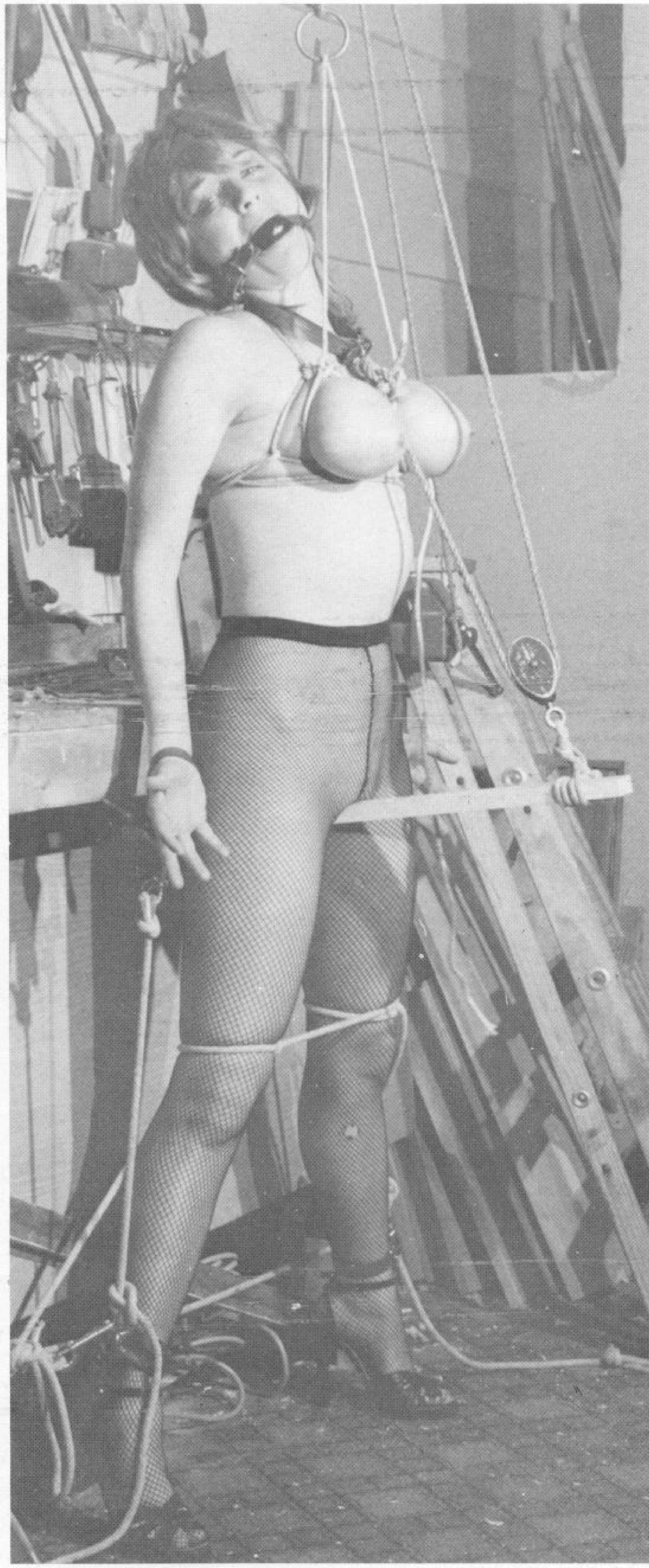
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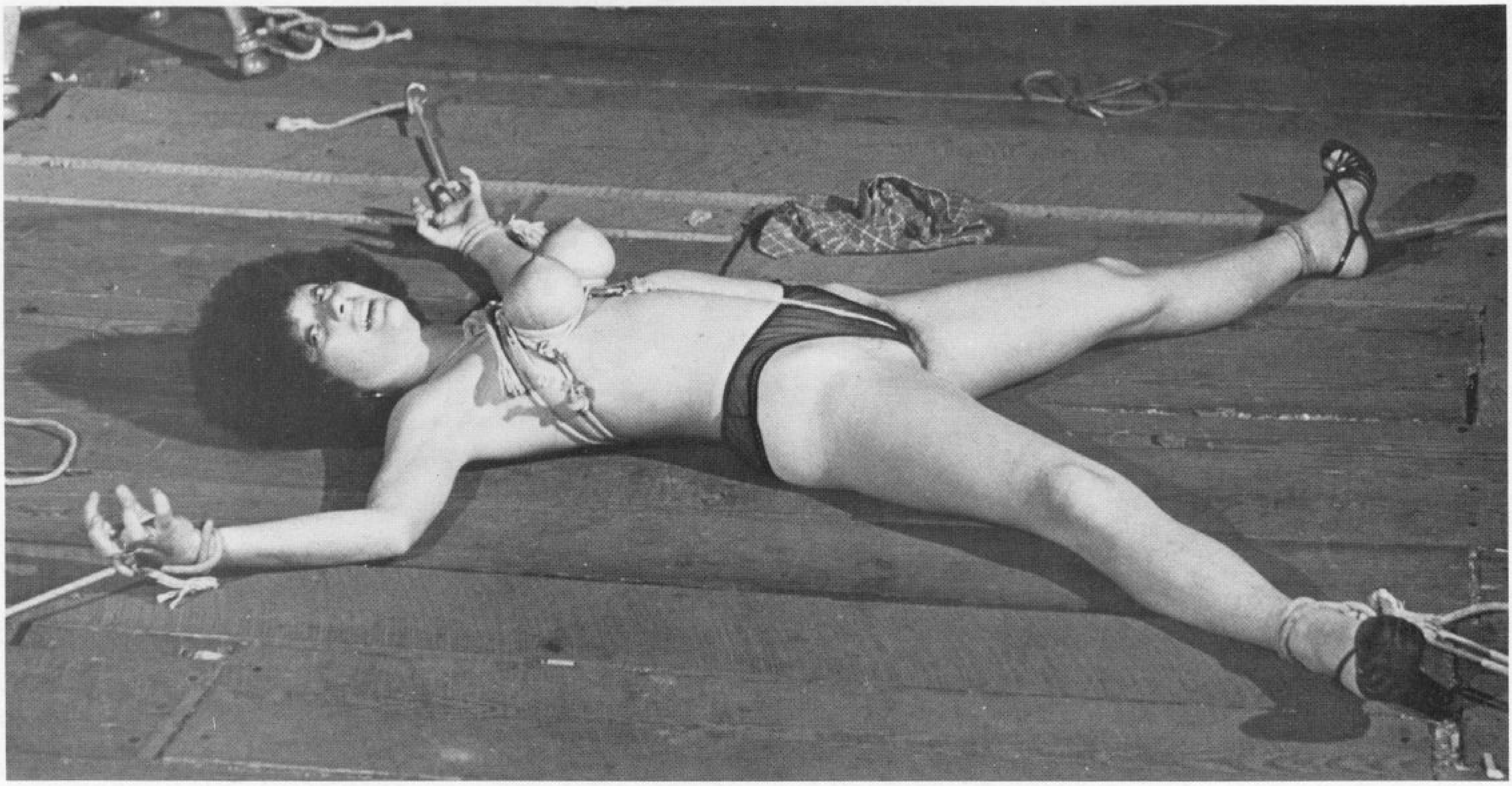
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Continued from page 36

I don't think you'll finish by five, Mr. Torfield. I wouldn't mind overtime work, if you want to get these letters out and that presentation to Ben Olsen, too."

"That's a thought, Miss Williams."

"Why don't you call me Francine, boss? I've been with you for six month now, and I hope my work is good enough to be on a moral equal basis with a nice boss like you," she smiled at him.

All of a sudden he felt a keen desire for her. The rich thrust of her big round breasts, which were accentuated by the tight blut sweater. The cling of her short brown skirt to long, nervously muscled thighs, and the sleek, rippling senuosity of her stockinged calves. Her mouth was ripe and sensuous,"her eyes gray-green and knowing, and he suddently had the feeling that she could be had.

"Yes, I think that's a good idea, Francine," he found himself saying. "Perhaps we could have dinner first and then get back to work. You're sure you haven't anything else planned for tonight?"

'Oh no, Philip — may I call you that, please?"

'If you like. That's fine then, we'll plan it that way."

* * *

He'd called Elaine and told her that he might be home quite late because he had a lot of work to do. She'd thanked him for letting her know, told him that she'd probably stay in and watch TV.

He'd taken Francine to Jacques for a superb French dinner and a little wine. Then they'd come back to the office and finished the work about nine-thirty. As he was rising from his desk and lighting a cigarette, with a sigh of relief, Francine approached, holding out the letters which she'd already transcribed, ready for his

signature. "That was fun," she murmured. "Wouldn't you like to take me home and give me a nightcap, boss?"

'Sure. Say those letters are just great! And that presentation is nice work, Francine. I've got myself a pretty good secretary."

"I'm glad you like me, Philip. I want you to like me other ways, too," she said enigmatically.

Francine Williams lived in a little apartment building just off North Dearborn Street. She was on the sixth, the top floor. Philip Torfield watched her take out her key and open the door, and followed her. His pulses were racing, and he felt the thick hot surge of desire in his cock. She took off her hat and coat, then turned gaily to him and said, 'Just make yourself comfy, Philip dear, and I'll get our drinks. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He sat down, lit a cigarette, and leaned back. He closed his eyes, thinking that now he had found the secret. It would be like starting all over again with luscious Elaine. And what was wrong with having a little practice with a girl like Francine Williams, anyway?

"Here's you drink, dear." He was wakened from his revere by her husky voice. He blinked his eyes, and then gasped. She stood there, leaning towards him, holding out a cocktail glass, clad in only a black nylon wrapper, and red high-heeled leather pumps. He could see the magnificent globes of her titties thrusting boldly against the filmy materials, the aurolae broad and brownish-orange, the nipples swollen as as with desire. He could see the thick dark-blonde tufts of pubic hair at the apex between her long sleek thighs. He sipped at the drink, while she sat down beside him with hers. He felt the pressure of her long thigh, and she shivered voluptuously.

A few minutes later, when she put down her empty glass and he his, it was almost ininstinctive that he should turn to her and find her there smiling, her lips moist and inviting. His hands moved to her shoulders, their lips met, and then his hands descended to salute the magnificence of her bubbies. With a little moan, she parted her lips and let him put his tongue between them. Then she sank back, drawing him down atop her. . . .

It was incredibly glorious. It was spontaneous and magical, and it had drained him of all his vigor. It was midnight when at last he tore himself away from her pink-sheened nakedness, promised they'd meet again very soon, and used her phone to hail a cab to take him home.

"That was fun, Phil darling," she had breathed. "But I'm afraid we can't meet next week. My husband's in town from California."

"Your husband?"

"Uh huh. Oh, we're sort of friendly enemies, if you know what I mean. In fact, I'm trying to get him to divorce me. He's a bad boy, you see."

"Why so?"

"Well, he has a thing about, shall we say, rape, darling. He spent two years in a California jail for trying to rape a girl. She wasn't exactly a girl, she was a grown woman he met in a tavern. She invited him up, and then she teased. Of course she didn't want to prosecute too much, but her lawyer made her do it. That's why he got a relatively easy sentence. But I have a notion he might be up to his old tricks, and I'd just as soon be rid of him legally. So why don't you talk to me Friday, and maybe we can make a date the following week, Phil dear?"

"All right. I will, you're wonderful, Francine."

She turned her head lazily and looked at the alarm clock on the little table beside the couch which was rumpled as proof of their fiery amour. "It's after midnight. Are you sure you have to go home?"

"I think I'd better."

"Yes, maybe you should."

"Your husband—I mean—he isn't a psychopath, or anything like that, is he, Francine?"

"Oh no. He just has this quirk about bondage and stuff like that. I wouldn't play those games with him, and I guess it turned him on to other women. He likes it with strangers. Matter of fact, he lives over by Belmont Avenue in a little hotel. Come to think of it he called me this noon and wanted me to have supper with him. But I told him I was going out with somebody I like very much."

"I see. Well, thanks for a glorious night, my darling. See you at work, Monday."

"Yes, Philip. I can't wait til we meet again like this."

* *

It was one in the morning when Philip Torfield paid off his cabdriver and walked into the lobby of the high-rise building where he lived. He opened the elevator door with a key, pressed the button for the fifteenth floor, and walked down the end of the corridor to the apartment "15-0."

He put his key in the lock and turned it, and as he entered he heard gasps and moans.

He moved slowly down the hallway towards his wife's bedroom, and the sounds grew louder. Then he could identify the voice of Elaine's.

"Ohhh—oh you're torturing me so—ohh, do it to me, I can't stand this any more, I need it so, fuck me, please, please fuck me—I'm so hot, oh darling!"

He stood riveted to the spot, his mouth agape. There was a tall man wearing a stocking mask, sneakers, corduroy trousers and a sweater. He was standing over the big double bed, and Philip could see Elaine spreadeagled on her back, naked except for her long charcoal-brown stockings and a garterbelt, a handtowel knotted around her eyes, and gagged. He could see, for the lights in the room had been turned on blazingly. A heavy leather belt lay on the bed beside her, and the man, who had his back to Philip, was bending over her now and advancing with his right hand. There was a long white feather in it, and he began to tickle Elaine's pussy.

As in a dream, Philip watched his wife's body arch and squirm, trying to thrust her pussy towards the solace of the feather. The man laughed sadistically, a soft mocking laugh, "You really want it, don't you, baby? Well, beg for it. Does it tickle nice? Are you getting hot, Laney? That is your name, isn't it, I want you to fuck me, I want you to give it to me hard and rip me out, or please, I can't stand this torture anymore, I'm dying to be fucked, **please,** darling!"

And then Phil Torfield felt his blood curdle in his veins as the man mockingly replied, "Now if only my own little Francine would only have been as accommodating as you, Laney baby, I'd still be married and I might not have to do this to a sweet piece like you. But seems to me I came just in time. I'll bet your hubby never satisfies you. Isn't that right, Laney baby? Wouldn't you much rather have me give it to you now than him?"

"Oh yes, yes, but for pity's sake, do it, do it before I go crazy! Oh what are you doing to me down there, what are you touching me with, it's driving me insane—oh put your cock into me there, fuck me, give it to me, fuck me, anything you want, only do it, do it!" his wife babbled.

He watched as in a dream. He was powerless to utter a sound or to move. He saw the man cast aside the feather now, unbutton his corduroy trousers, emerge his swollen organ, and then fall upon his naked straddled wife. Elaine uttered a shriek as she was pierced, and then her body began to buck and thresh upon the bed. And her frantic cry, prolonged and raucous, told her husband that she had for the first time achieved the most complete and frenetic orgasm of her marriage.

He staggered back against the wall, clammy with sweat. Francine Williams — that treacherous little bitch — she must have told her husband about his wife and where he lived, and the bastard had come over here, probably guessing that he would be with Francine.

And yet a sly conniving instinct told him to disappear, not to make a sound to interrupt the rapist. Because there would be other times for him. Now he knew what to do with Laney. Yes, and he knew how to pay Francine for her treachery.

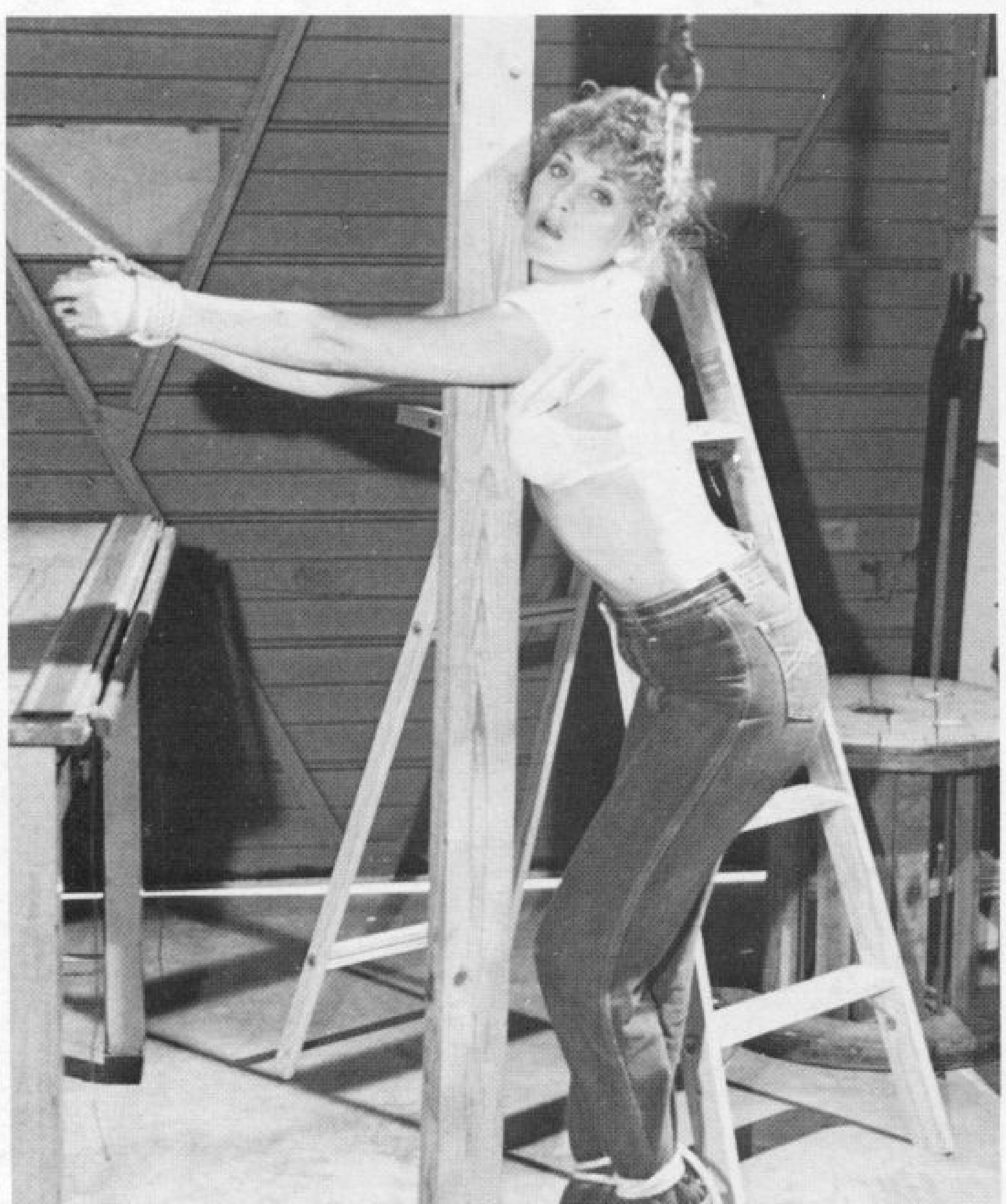
Philip Torfield tiptoed into his room and closed the door. He stripped naked, and then, going into the bathroom, where there was a chink of plaster loose in the wall, glued his ear to it so that he could still hear the fraint sounds of his wife's frantic esctasies. As he did so, his hand caressed his aching penis. And even as she cried out again in a new climactic fulfillment, he had his own. Yes, he would be the bondage rapist next.



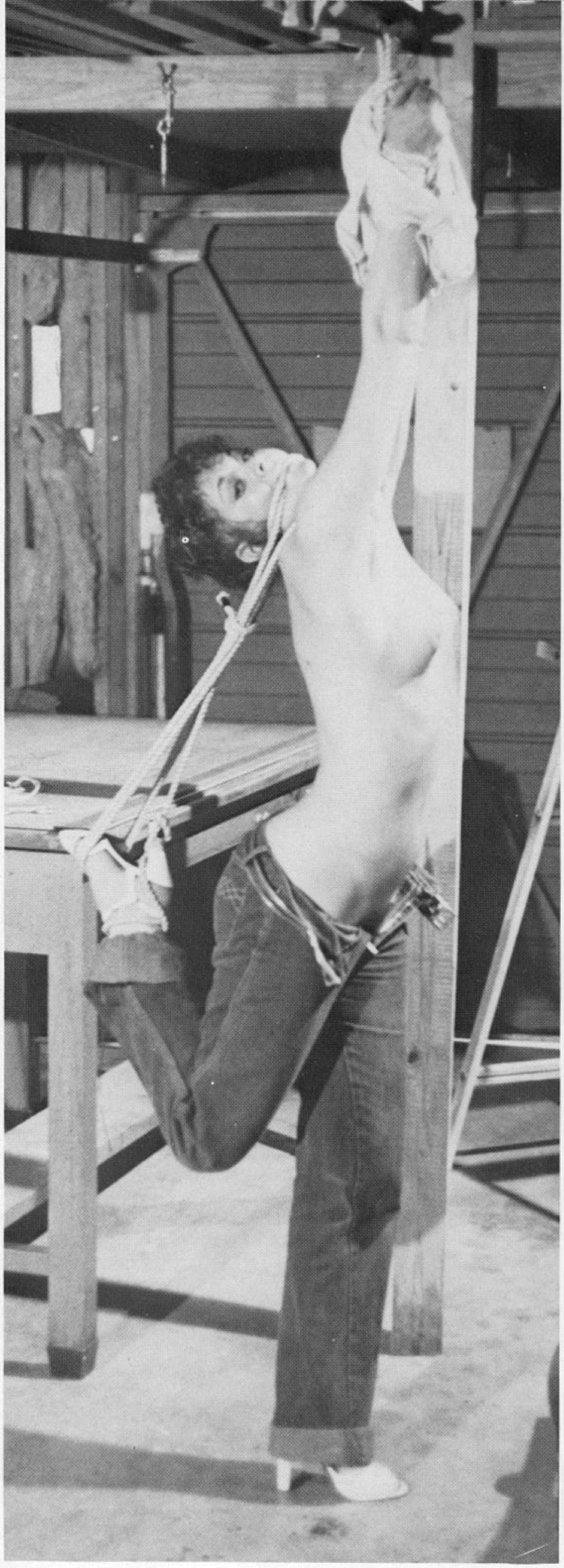


Searching for the light switch in the garage, then the strong hands and rough rope. Her heart pounded loudly in her ears. She was totally at his mercy!

BREASTS ENTWINED

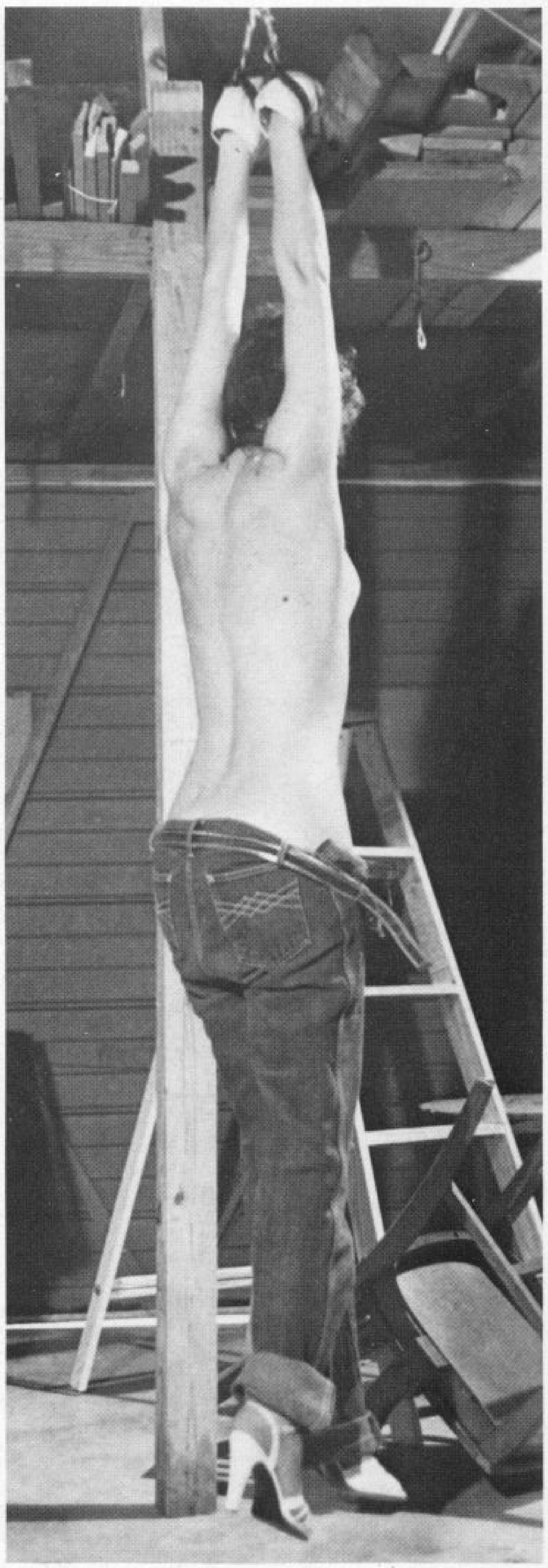


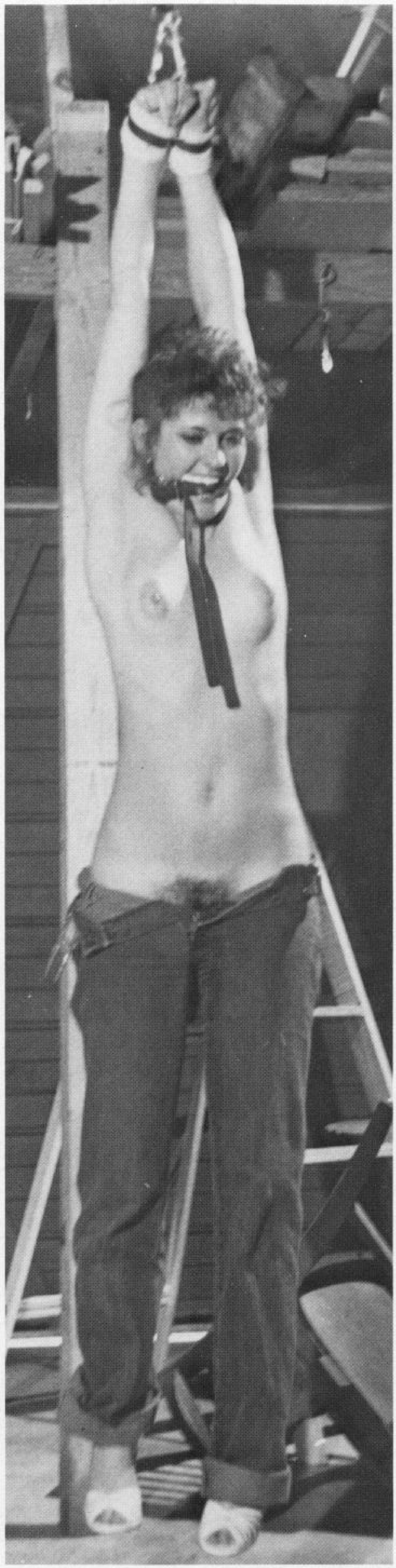


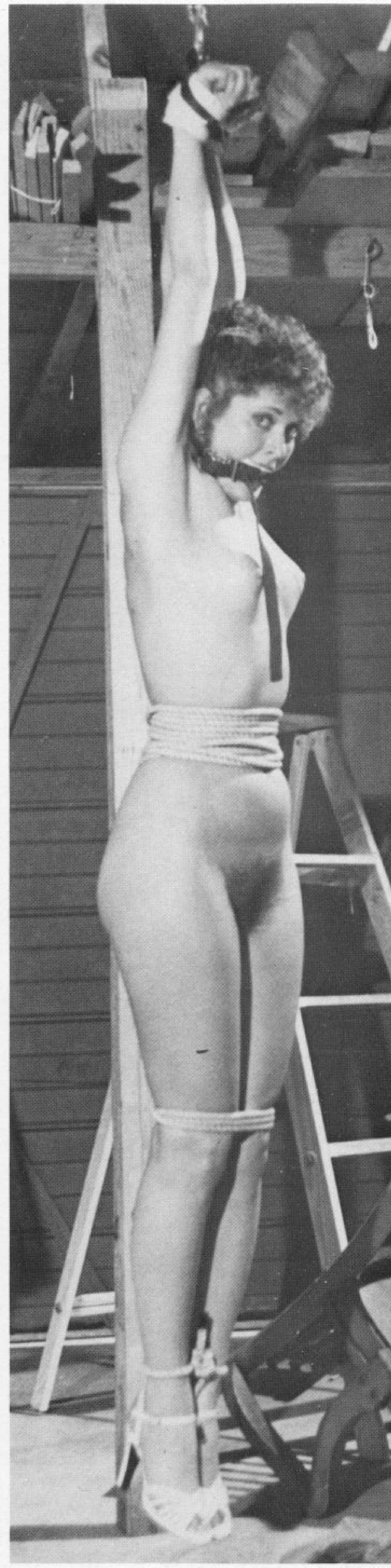


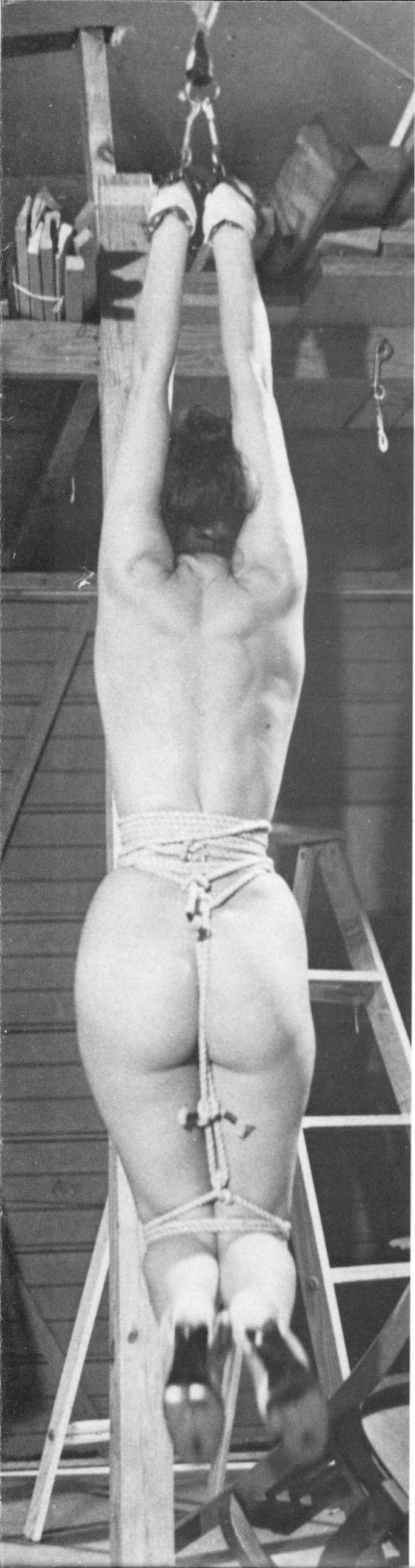
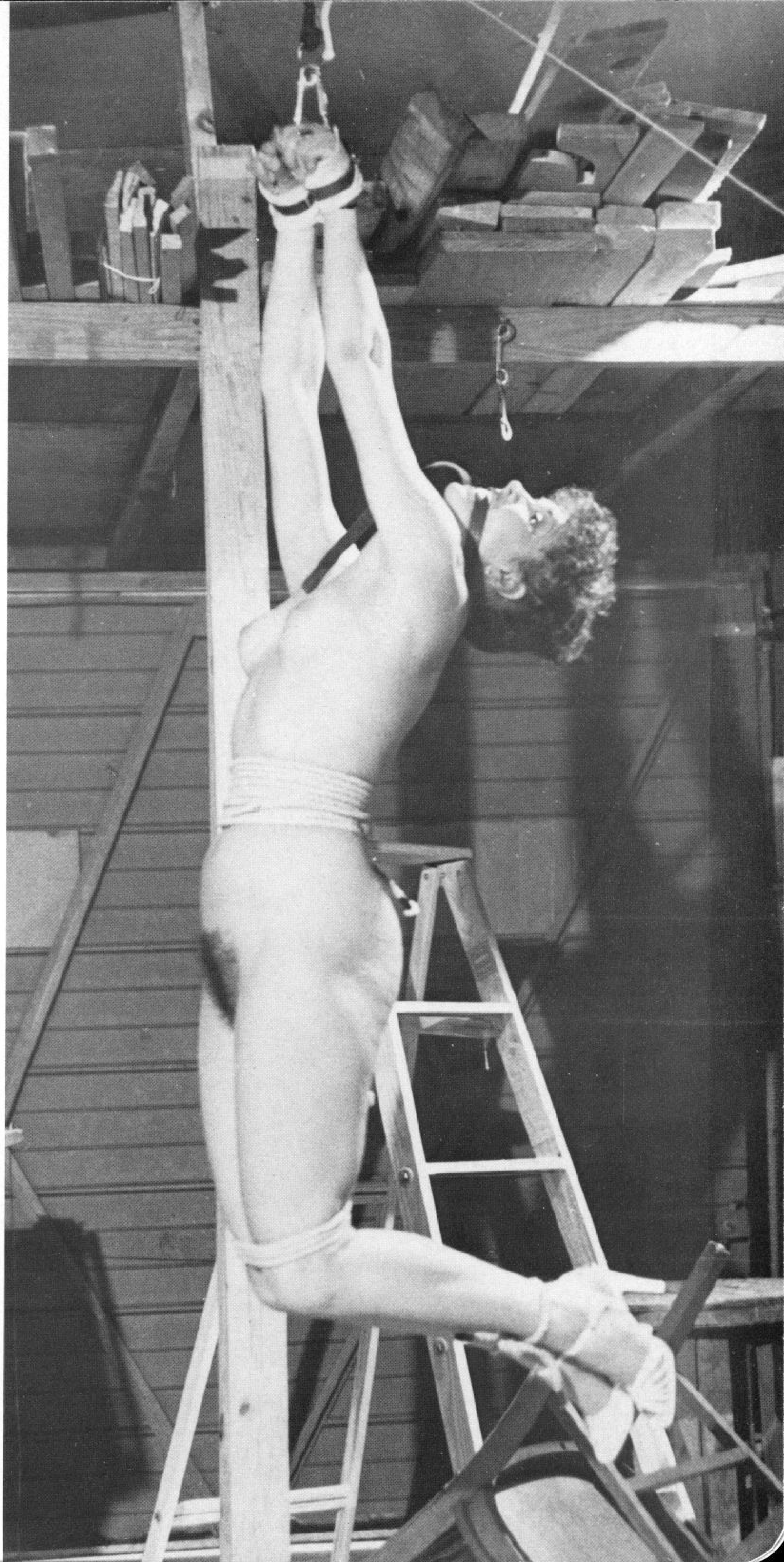








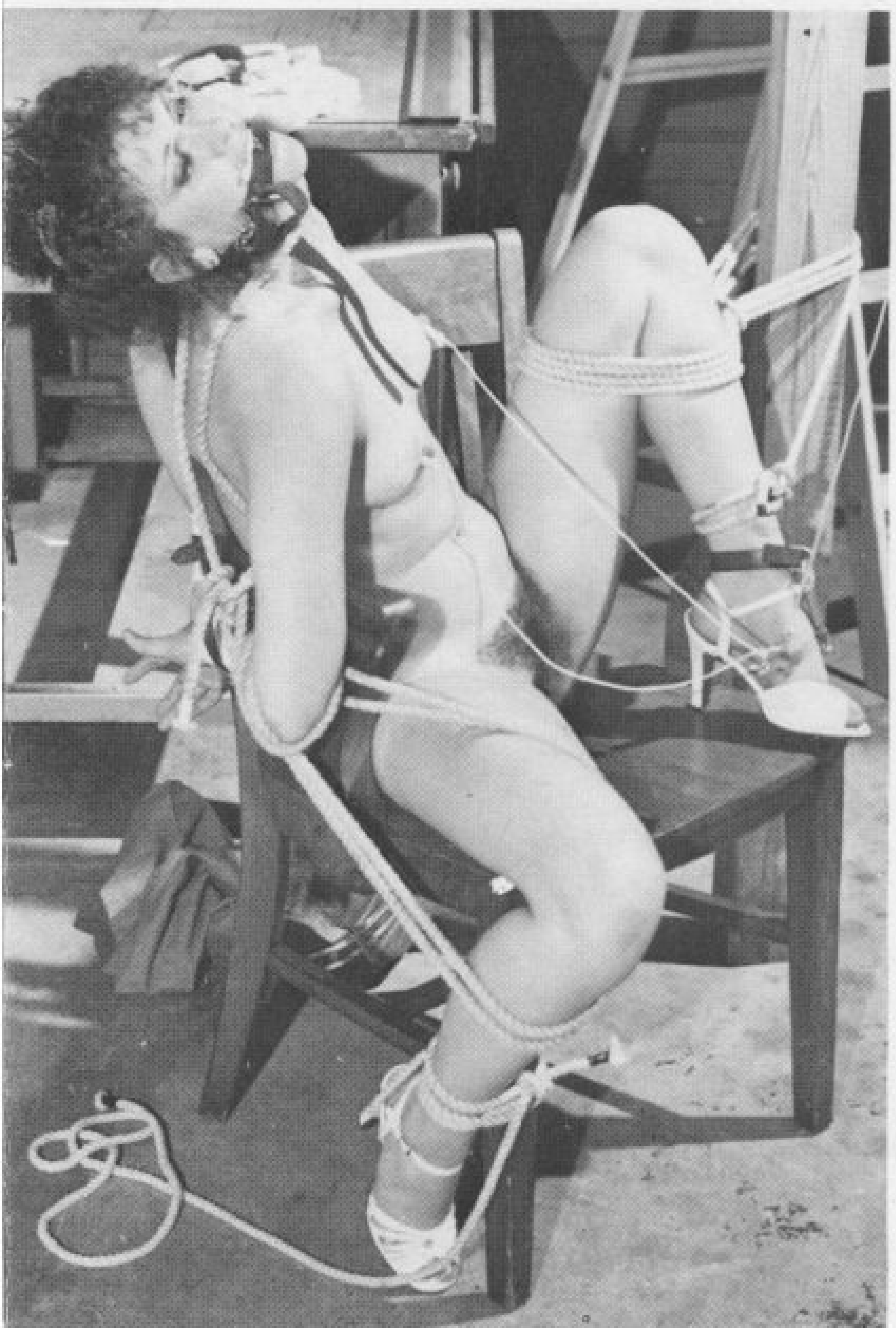






His masterful manipulation of her breasts and sex soon had her begging to be fucked. The thin tight cords stretched her nipples outward, in helpless vulnerability. He teased and tormented them with great relish.



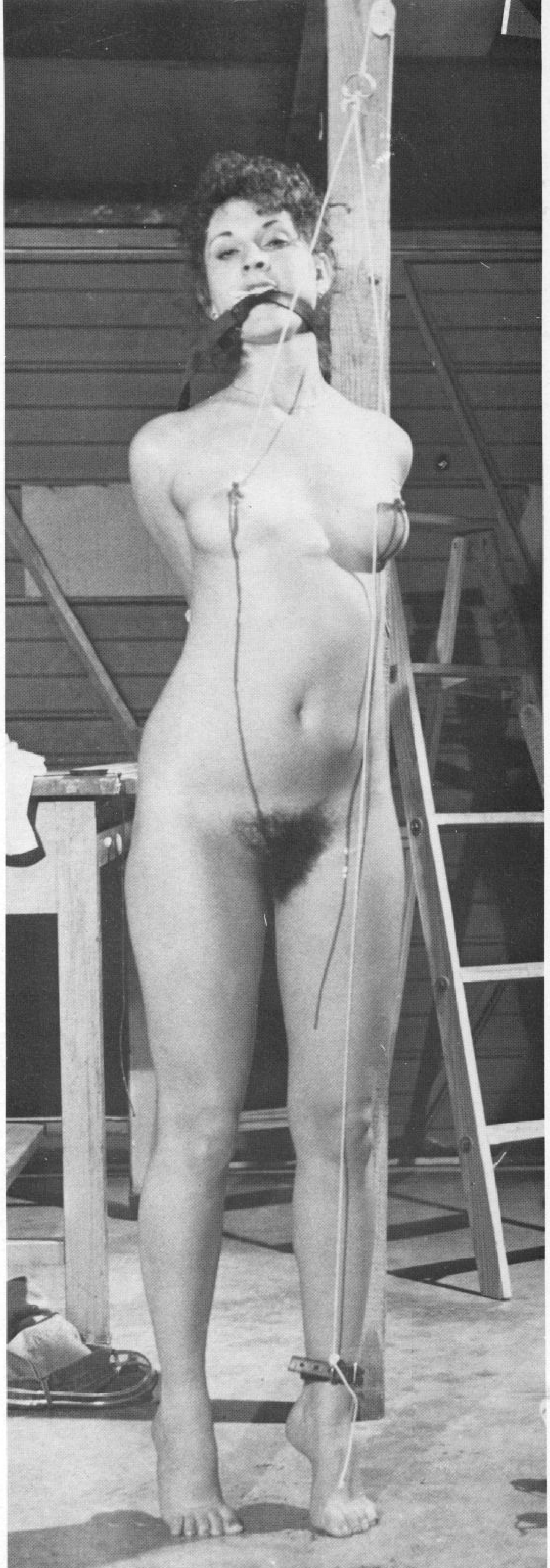


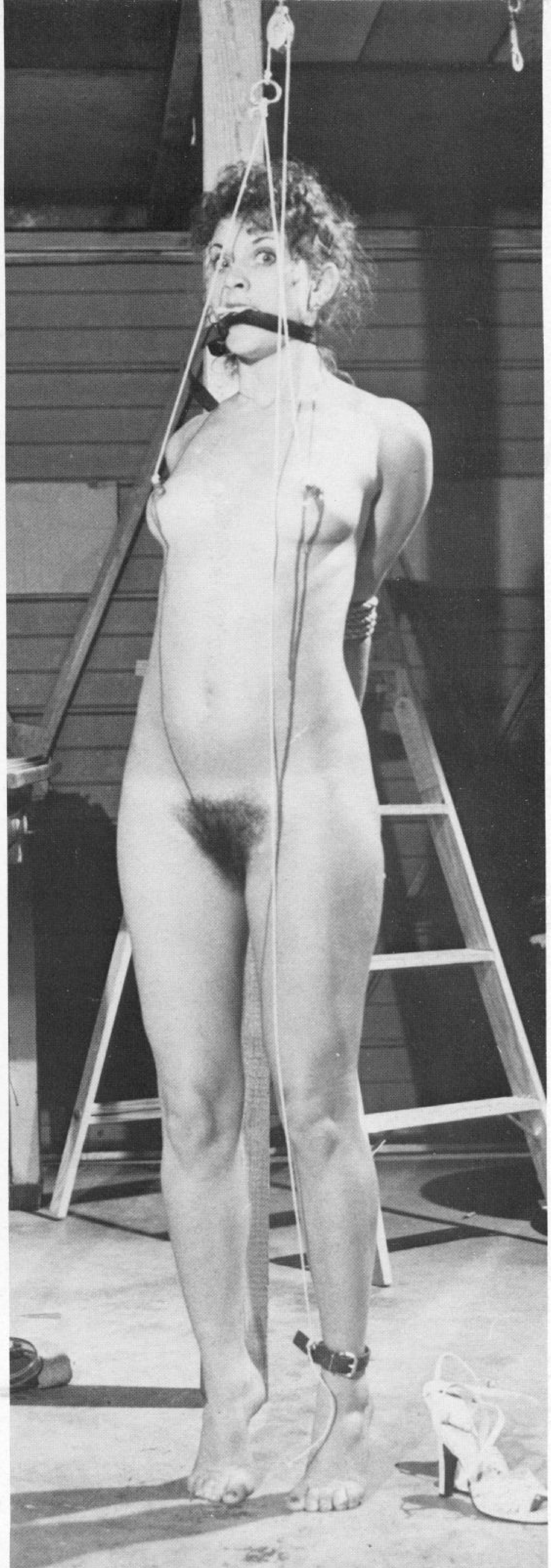






After observing her enraptured struggling for awhile he deigned to grant her wish. In a stretched spread-eagle he took his pleasure from her vigorously.








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